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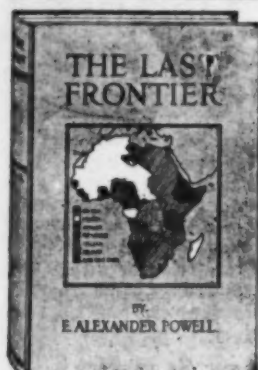
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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1912.

## The Week

President Taft, as empowered and directed by Congress, has fixed the rates of toll to be charged vessels using the Panama Canal. In this he has been guided by expert advice, and the rates, being virtually the same as those soon to be in force on the Suez Canal, cannot be deemed unreasonable. Whether they will, as Prof. Emory Johnson believes, make the Panama Canal self-supporting after twenty years, is open to doubt. There are too many uncertain elements in the problem. The amount of shipping that will seek the Canal, the cost of maintenance and of administration, cannot at present be accurately determined. As the estimates of the expense of building the Canal were pushed up from time to time, we suppose that most people came to the conclusion that it can never be made to "pay" as an investment. Nor do we think that the country has been deeply concerned about that. To have carried the vast enterprise through to success, and to have opened this waterway to the world's commerce, will be a national achievement into the cost of which patriotic pride will not inquire too narrowly.

But the nation has another interest in the matter which the President does not mention in his proclamation establishing the Panama tolls. We refer, of course, to the question of exemption from tolls of our own coastwise traffic. Money losses in the operation of the Canal the country can face with equanimity, but if its honor is seriously impugned, that is a matter which ought not to let patriotism sleep. The question whether such a discrimination is not in plain violation of a treaty will not down. Business men as well as public officials see its critical importance. This was shown by the recent action of the New York Chamber of Commerce in voting down a report which sought to dispose brusquely of the contention that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty called for absolutely equal treatment for all ships, including our own. This dispute about the due legal inter-

pretation of a treaty is eminently one to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The United States is expressly committed to the policy of so submitting such questions. If Great Britain asks that the controversy about Canal tolls be sent to The Hague, how can President Taft possibly refuse? In view of his record, we do not believe that he will. But what will the Senate do?

It is generally conceded that President-elect Wilson was wise in announcing an early extra session of Congress; but the new Administration will have no easy task on its hands. Its difficulties will be three in number: It must so order its programme that its majority at the extra session will agree on the tariff legislation. It must not do too little. It must not do too much. That the party would find its position awkward if it made mere pretence of revision, must be apparent to every one. It is committed to thorough revision, not only by its platform but by the speeches of its candidates. But, on the other hand, it is also committed, both by platform and candidates, to proceeding with its revision in such manner as to injure no legitimate industry. And even if this course had not been prescribed, common sense and political experience would commend it. The situation may thus seem to be unpleasantly involved. We do not so regard it, however, and for two good reasons. In the first place, the new Congress will be fortunate in having already before it the four tariff-reduction bills—affecting the steel, cotton, wool, and chemical schedules—all of which were drawn with care by the House committee in the present Congress, all of which passed the House, and all but one of which passed the Senate. Here is a ready basis for the work of the extra session. Nothing will hinder the remodelling of any of these measures, and the remedying of such defects as may have arisen from the fact that the tariff bills of 1912 were not expected to run successfully the gantlet of a Republican Senate and a Republican President. Furthermore, when thus re-submitted, these bills are reasonably sure to command the votes of the insurgent Republicans in the upper house.

If the party leaders were to be asked why the extra session should not immediately proceed to revise the rest of the tariff schedules, common sense and political experience would give the answer. No such revision, whatever its character and purpose, ought to be proposed without the most careful preliminary study of the problem. Nor can it, on the other hand, be safely put through except with constant view to the probable revenue from the altered duties, in its relation to the needs of government. But the new Secretary of the Treasury will not take office until the fourth of March; his budget of public revenue and expenditure will not be submitted until the ensuing December, and it will even then have to be judged in the light of the general plans of the appropriation committees. A comprehensive and general plan of tariff revision, as early as March or April, would therefore be subject to inevitable handicap. When to this consideration is added the fact that only with the assembling of the extra session will the Congressional committees be appointed, and the further fact that the committees which must prepare the tariff bills will consist in an unusual degree of men new to that exacting task, the wisdom of not attempting to do too much in the extra session should be manifest.

The "greatest political miracle of the age," according to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, occurred in Louisiana on Tuesday of election week, when in some places more votes were cast on Constitutional amendments, many of them of little importance, than for President. In one New Orleans precinct every voter cast his ballot in favor of nine of the nineteen amendments, and in another every voter but three voted for the entire batch. Such unanimity arouses suspicion in the mind of the *Times-Democrat*, which attributes it to a meek following of instructions from ward bosses. Ten of the nineteen amendments were carried, no less than four of which exempt some form of property from taxation. One of these is a glaring illustration of the details with which we load our State Constitutions; it extends the tax-exemption time of the Pan-American Steamship Company. The

amendment receiving the largest vote was one providing for the levying of a tax for the purpose of paying Confederate pensions. Among the amendments rejected were one allowing women to serve on school and charity boards, and one providing for the recall.

The Supreme Court's decision in the Bathub Trust case is of great importance not only in relation to the particular question involved, but also as furnishing strong confirmation of the hold of the law in general on the problem of monopoly. What the Court has done in this case with a plea in defence of immoral monopolistic practices based upon alleged rights of patentees will all the more surely be done with pleas that have no such pretext behind them. The "rule of reason" expounded in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases is once again shown to be a rule of common sense, looking to the substance of the acts complained of, and not to their mere form. The favorite argument of the enemies of the anti-monopoly law—that if truly enforced it would make impossible thousands of contracts and arrangements which every one knows are an indispensable incident of modern business—already begins to wear the air of an antiquated, indeed an obsolete, notion. The kinds of conduct which are obnoxious to the prohibitions of the law, as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court in decision after decision, are rapidly becoming plain enough for any person of ordinary honesty and intelligence to recognize without difficulty.

The meaning of the announced abandonment, temporary or permanent, of its proposed New England extension by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, is not yet clear. But the business men of such cities as Providence and Boston have drawn their inference at once, to the effect that it means surrender of the Grand Trunk management to pressure from the New Haven Railroad, whose monopoly of New England transportation facilities was threatened by the new undertaking. The Grand Trunk, which originally connected Montreal and the Great Lakes, and which is now building westward in Canada to the Pacific, was already connected by leased lines with Portland, Me., and, by owners-

ship of the Central Vermont, had an outlet at New London, Conn. Its projected new line, chartered in 1910 as the Southern New England, was to run from Palmer, Mass., a junction point of the Central Vermont and the Boston & Albany, to Providence, R. I. A spur of the same line was to run direct to Boston, and another new line was to connect Boston with the north-and-south Grand Trunk line in Vermont. One-third of the Providence extension had been already graded, and some \$2,000,000 had been spent. Clearly enough, an independent railway system with such connections meant competitive conditions on a considerable scale.

The version of the abandonment of work given out by Grand Trunk officers may possibly be conclusive. Montreal newspapers quote the president of that company as saying that no fresh offers have been made by the New Haven, and that no negotiations even for a "traffic agreement" are under way. It is also perfectly true that a railway company which places its loans in Montreal or London would not find this a convenient moment, with all the European markets upset by the Balkan affair, to raise large amounts for new construction. Nevertheless, the New England chambers of commerce are justified on the face of things in their misgivings. Charles M. Hays, that thorough railway man who, as president of the Grand Trunk, was able to impose his own larger views on timid London directors, went down with the Titanic; and the suspicion was natural that the New Haven management would seize that occasion, especially when it was followed by an unfavorable market for the Grand Trunk's loans, to renew its efforts at repressing a formidable competitor. The real situation, whatever it is, cannot be long disguised. In advance of conclusive information, all that need be said is that the blocking of this solitary movement for independent transportation service in New England, at a time when the public mind is stirred up in an unusual degree over questions of free competition and monopoly, would have a most unhappy effect.

Signs are increasing that city noises are at last becoming too much for even American nerves. Something has been accomplished in New York towards re-

ducing the screech of boat whistles, but that old offender, the trolley car, still pursues its clattering way. An Alderman in a Western city is audacious enough to propose to get rid of the worst of its uproar. Looking back over the great improvement in transportation in recent years, he says there is no reason why we should not silence the noise of street cars. The one thing needful, in his opinion, is merely to fix attention upon the problem. When we really care for quieter streets, we shall find methods of obtaining them. What has been attained in eliminating smoke and smell from automobiles ought to be an encouragement to those who are undertaking anti-noise crusades. It is but a short time since a foul odor and a blinding vapor were apparently an essential part of the motor-car. To-day we actually arrest people for driving cars that "smoke," and Hiram Maxim, jr., has gone his father one better by inventing a motor-boat silencer.

Somewhat disquieting is the account of tenant-farming in the great Southwest which Charles W. Holman gives in *La Follette's Weekly*. According to him, the standard of living of the tenant farmer has steadily deteriorated and the problem of existence has grown more difficult as the system of wide landlord holdings has spread. Statistics are adduced to support this view. Thus, in Texas, Mr. Holman declares, the ratio of tenanted to owned farms has gone up decidedly. In 1900 tenants cultivated 174,991 farms; owners, 174,639; while in 1910 the figures had risen to 291,106 and 194,993, respectively. The South as a whole also shows growth of the tenant system. In 1880 tenants cultivated 36.2 per cent. of the total farms, while in 1910 they were working 53.1 per cent. Mutual misunderstandings between landlord and tenant; the desire of the owner to get a larger return from his acres, accompanied by his unwillingness to follow crop rotation or other modern methods, and a consequent feeling of futility and lethargy on the side of the cultivator, have combined to make the lot of the under-fed, over-worked, and ill-housed tenant farmer a hard one. Some of Mr. Holman's suggested remedies are impracticable, but his picture of the actual conditions appears to be drawn without great exaggeration.

The old-fashioned doctor who fought disease with the aid of the pharmacopœia is apparently having a rather hard time of it. Long ago he gave up the centre of the stage to the surgeon with his marvellous instruments and daring operations. On other sides he is beset by the serum-therapist, the psycho-neurologist, the hygienist, the dietitian, the sanitarian, and the assorted flying squadrons of faith-healers. White pills and brown mixtures in bottles have fallen into sad repute. The physician who resorts to them falls under the suspicion of being something of a fogey or something of a quack. But, in justice to the old-fashioned general practitioner, it may be pointed out that a great many of the new fashions in the curative art impress one as being the old methods under new labels. To give anæsthetics nowadays is not enough; one must give an anæsthetic without frightening the patient. "Anoci-association" is the name for this formula of ether + psychology; but "anoci-association" is strangely reminiscent of the classical "bedside manner," and psycho-therapy is not unrelated to the familiar sugar pill.

A fund for the erection of a memorial to Charles Lever, in the British cemetery at Trieste, where the novelist, who was consul there, died forty years ago, is proposed by the British chaplain at that port. To the younger generation, the genial Irishman is only a name, if so much as that; but there are many old fellows to whom this suggestion will recall memories of pleasant hours in the company of a spirited and manly writer. Lever does not abide with us like Thackeray or Dickens; he was distinctly of the lesser breed of novelists and entertainers. But for this very reason, some of us experience a certain pang in thinking of the days when he helped to make life pleasant, which we do not feel in relation to the mightier masters. The age in which the Harry Lorrequers and the Charles O'Malleys and the Arthur O'Learys sufficed to attract and amuse persons quite as sober and serious as we all are to-day was an easier, a more livable, age than ours for the reading world; whether we estimate the loss as great or trifling, there is no question that the loss is there. The simple, hearty doings and sayings of true men, loving and hating and jesting and fighting; these, with no oppressive

burdens of self-consciousness, and no thought of the bearing of their acts upon the salvation of the universe, sufficed to make the farrago of Lever's books, and we took them at their face value and were grateful. They also serve who thus lighten the burden of the day for thousands.

Rows in the House of Commons are no novelty. The Liberals, seven years ago, were guilty of much the same sort of boisterous breaking up of the session as the Conservatives indulged in last week. The rules are inefficient in the matter of dealing with disorder, and the Speaker can do little more than appeal to the gentlemen of England to leave off acting like rowdies. If they will not, his only recourse is to suspend the session. Such proceedings seem almost unintelligible to Americans, who are accustomed to see their presiding officers clothed with full power to preserve order, even to the point of calling in the police, if necessary. The English parliamentary tradition would be aghast at such extreme measures. At the very moment of denouncing the Liberals for weakening respect for the House of Commons, the fine flower of Tory chivalry feels privileged to turn it into a Bedlam. But sanity will soon be restored. The Conservatives have had their fling, have once more expressed their scornful contempt for the Ministry, and have displayed their splendid "fighting spirit." Presently, no doubt, the business of the House will be resumed. On a test vote, the Liberals showed that they had a majority of 109, and the absurdity of maintaining that such a majority shall not be allowed to determine the action of the Commons is too glaring.

One of the scandals of English politics has for years been the bestowal of peerages, baronetcies, etc., upon men who have made large contributions to the party campaign chest. Both Conservatives and Liberals have followed this practice, which in essence is not very different from our former custom of sending rich men to the Senate, or rewarding a man who has come down handsomely for election expenses by making him an Ambassador. But it must be confessed that the conferring of such "honors" by the Liberal party has an incongruous look beside its current de-

nunciation of the House of Lords, and gives Tory critics a chance to make fine play about a "Radical Plutocracy." The case is made worse by the fact that a great many wealthy supporters of the Liberal party have been getting their recognition in recent years. The *London Nation*, though friendly to the Government, complains that the distribution of these honors has "never in the history of party" been so "lavish as during the last three or four years." It admits that some of the men singled out are worthy, but frankly states that of some others, "notably of a recent Privy Councillorship, the less said the better." Naturally, the Tories are saying more rather than less.

Gen. Savoff, chief in command of the Bulgarian army, has inevitably received the lion's share of praise and fame for the wonderful campaign which the troops under him have made. It is reported that this causes a certain soreness in some Bulgarian military quarters. There it is pointed out that Gen. Savoff had been in retirement since 1907, when he resigned as Minister of War, and resumed active duty only when the recent orders for mobilization were issued. From this it is inferred that he could have had little to do with preparing the plans for the offensive campaign which he has so brilliantly executed. But this does not necessarily follow, as the Bulgarian staff must have been for years at work on the plans which have just been carried out. Be this as it may, no one denies that Gen. Savoff has shown high skill in handling large armies, together with correct and rapid military intuition, and the ability to inspire his men with the determination necessary to strike blow upon blow. Savoff is now undergoing the inevitable comparison with Napoleon. One of his military maxims, the only one we have seen quoted, certainly sounds like modernized Napoleonic. It is: "Speed is trumps." This has surely been illustrated by the swift march of the Bulgarians to victory after victory. Gen. Savoff seems, also, to have acted upon that saying of Napoleon: "The general who keeps fresh troops for the day after a battle is nearly always beaten. You must give your last man to the battle, for the day after a complete victory there are no more obstacles before you."

## CALIFORNIA AND THE PRESIDENCY.

For many days after the election the vote of California was still see-sawing between Roosevelt and Wilson. The process was followed with a mild interest throughout the country; but of excitement over the matter there was not a trace. Yet one shudders at the thought of the situation that would even now be confronting us if the election in the nation had been close, and the decision of the Presidency turned on California's thirteen electoral votes. There are few things in the immediate past for which the country has more reason to be grateful on this coming Thanksgiving Day than for the fact that the verdict of the election was emphatic and unmistakable, and especially that nothing turned on the settling of a close count in any State.

But, while the situation in California is of no practical importance in regard to this year's Presidential contest, it is of very great interest in its bearing on the advantages and disadvantages of our method of electing the President. The most conspicuous peculiarity of the existing system is that a bare plurality in any State suffices to cause the entire voting weight of the State to be cast into the scales on the side of the winner of that plurality. Situations of the utmost acuteness have arisen on this account; the most notable being that which ended in the casting of New York's 36 electoral votes for Cleveland against Blaine, in 1884. Exclusive of New York, the electoral vote stood 183 for Cleveland and 182 for Blaine, and the final count of New York's popular vote gave the State to Cleveland by a plurality of only 1,149 in a total vote of 1,167,169. That situation, moreover, is of a kind that is not only likely, but almost certain, to recur. In every election since 1884, with the single exception of 1888, there has been an immense electoral preponderance in favor of the winning party; but whenever the parties are nearly evenly matched, there is a chance that the contest may turn upon the electoral votes of some one State, or some group of two or three States, in which the popular vote is extremely close.

That this contingency points to a real and serious danger cannot be denied; and at first sight it might be thought that a system under which the votes

of the States were not cast solidly, and under which the result was determined by the actual preponderance of the popular vote—either directly or through some method of State percentages—would remove that danger. But the fact, as a little reflection will suffice to show, is quite the opposite. The danger, be it understood, is not at all that of a failure to record "the popular will"—all methods are but expedients for roughly determining that. The danger is that of a contested election—contested not only on the score of downright fraud, but also on account of the decision of those innumerable cases of legitimate doubt about which absolute impartiality on the part of election officials cannot be expected. Well, the danger of bitter contests of this kind, far from being diminished, would be most seriously aggravated under a system in which the division of the vote in every State, instead of that in only one or a very few States, should become of critical moment in any close election. It is quite true that the vote is not likely to be so close in the country as a whole as in some single critical State; but under the other system, where the piling up of large pluralities in every State was the object of pursuit, a thousand disputes would assume importance where only a score are now of any consequence. Attention could not be effectively centred on the danger-points until too late; and instead of one Presidential count out of many being the occasion of critical tension, it would probably become the rule, rather than the exception, for the results of our national elections to be in greater or less measure clouded by doubt and protest.

There are many other considerations which confirm the conclusion that the existing system of solid votes by the States is, in spite of its faults, better than any that has been proposed in its place; but there is one that happens to be of peculiar importance. The conditions in the South may not be entirely satisfactory; but the country is evidently going to let that sleeping dog lie for a very long time; and even if a change should be made in this regard, the considerations we have in mind would continue to apply with almost equal force. The point about the South is that it habitually gives its vote solidly for the Democratic party, and that nobody disputes the result. But here is a case of what

is often to be found in the domain of human affairs—that the part is greater, more difficult to handle, than the whole. The North and West acquiesce without reserve in the throwing of Georgia's total vote for the Democratic candidate, under a system in which every State disposes of its total vote as a unit; but once let the result depend on whether Georgia divides in the ratio of 13 to 1 or of 10 to 4, and it is impossible to imagine the rest of the country indifferent to the means by which that division—and the like in ten other States—is effected. And what is true in this radical fashion as regards the South is true in lesser measure of other parts of the country. No one can say to what extent the nation has been saved from contentions of the most ominous character through this incidental feature of our system of State autonomy.

## THE PHILIPPINE OUTLOOK.

Hard upon the heels of the rejoicing in the Philippines over the success of the Democratic party, and the announcement that the bill for Philippine independence will be pressed to passage in the House, we have the inevitable prophecies of dire consequences. Unnamed army officers are quoted as pointing to Aguinaldo's appearance in the celebrations as being of sinister significance. We are told that already American capital is alarmed at the prospect of our withdrawal from the islands. The Filipinos themselves are, as usual, lost to shame. Are they not at this moment plotting how they are going to distribute the offices? Aguinaldo's return to public life is interpreted to mean that "he will be in the front ranks of the aspirants for public honors"; and Manuel Quezon, one of the Filipino delegates to Congress, is also accused of "carrying on political campaigns with a view to strengthening his position with his people at home." Knowing how reprehensible the public holds any American who aspires to office, we are sure that mere mention of this misconduct of Messrs. Aguinaldo and Quezon will suffice to damn them forever.

As to the flow of American capital into the islands, it went with knowledge that we had loudly proclaimed our intention of remaining there only as trustees. There was no promise to stay forever to protect investments. It is true that the present Governor-General, Mr.

Forbes, has done his best to lure "big business" into the islands, and that there are companies now forming to exploit their resources. But that cannot stand a day in the face of the Democratic pledges "to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers." Never did a political party make a more solemn or more deliberate pledge—now for the fourth time reiterated—nor one more clearly in accord with the highest traditions of this Republic.

That opportunists in plenty will protest against the Democratic policy we have no doubt. Government officeholders, particularly those in the islands, will explain at length that the Filipino is not and never can be made ready for self-government—at least, so long as they themselves are drawing salaries. All the old arguments so familiar in 1899 and 1900 will be brought out, and we shall once more be told how splendid it is that the sun never sets on "Old Glory." One ancient argument, however, the very language of the Democratic plank effectually disposes of. If the simple plan of neutralization is carried out, no one can revive the Japanese and German bogies. As every one in jingo circles knows, we had to make that bad bargain with Spain in 1899, or one of those two nations would in our stead have purchased that war and the lasting enmity of the Filipinos. Fortunately, there has been a marked change in the temper of the people since that time. The public knows now that annexation of the Philippines did not mean that we should get rich over night, or that, with the hoisting of the flag, Filipinos would be consumed with a desire to buy American goods. Most people of conscience are, moreover, beginning to have doubts about the manliness and desirability of holding millions of men and women under our control against their will. Still less, after our own experiences of recent years, do they wish to turn them over to the tender mercies of exploiting Trusts.

Two serious arguments will, however, be used to impress those who have thought only superficially on this matter. How about the wild tribes? And how about the possibility of these people

governing themselves? The facts about the non-Christian tribes are that they constitute but 600,000 out of 7,600,000 people; they dwell in the mountain fastnesses, and, says Judge James H. Blount in his new book, "The American Occupation of the Philippines," "cut little more figure, if any, in the general political equation, than the American Indian does with us to-day." To those who have any doubts on this question we most heartily recommend this excellent volume from the pen of one who was an officer of volunteers in the war and subsequently a judge. He has not the slightest question as to the ability of the Filipinos to set up satisfactory governments. As far back as 1907, he wrote as follows:

"If three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task, were told by a President of the United States, by authority of the Congress, 'Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years and then come away,' they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history."

Judge Blount has since seen no reason to change his mind; on the contrary, he is firmer than ever in this view. Under the promise of independence, he declares, a "very fair electorate of at least one-third, possibly one-half, of the adult male population, could be built up." The setting up of prospective Filipino States would, he says, "electrify the Filipino body politic," as would the mere definite promise of independence. But without that definite promise, nothing can be gained. Least of all would it be fair to deny self-government to millions because of a fraction of the uncivilized among them. We must, as Judge Blount says, make clear to all concerned, and particularly to the American grafter and Filipino demagogue, "that the government of a remote and alien people is to have no permanent place in the purposes of our national life."

#### PHILOSOPHICAL MR. GOMPERS.

At Indianapolis the trial of forty-five labor-union officials, indicted as a result of the McNamara disclosures, is now under way. At Rochester the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers presiding, is

now in session. The defendants at Indianapolis are men affiliated with the Federation of Labor. The Federation is supposed to have spent nearly a million dollars in the McNamara defence. Evidently, Rochester was under the moral necessity of taking cognizance of what was going on at Indianapolis. This is the way Mr. Gompers did it, in his opening address:

This organization of ours is just as you find it. We are human. As humans we sometimes err. But our organization is a mighty power for human progress. In all other avocations it will be found that the highest and best is held up as a type, but in the labor movement it is the derelict who is selected as our representative type. Against this we protest. For high motives, for altruism, for the righting of wrongs, for the winning of rights, for human progress, there is no other body in the world, man for man, that will compare with the American Federation of Labor.

To catch the full force of this proud claim, compare Mr. Gompers with Mr. Ortie McManigal. Re-read the story of Mr. McManigal's pleasant little jaunts about the country in the pursuit of "jobs." Re-read the story of the Los Angeles explosion as told by J. B. McNamara to McManigal. After planting the infernal machine in the *Times* building, "J. B." wrenched off a gas jet in the basement:

McNamara: Because when the explosion occurred, I wanted the whole building to go to hell.

McManigal: And you knew there were so many people in there, too?

McNamara: What's the difference? I was to make a good clean out and I did it. But I am sorry so many were killed.

In view of the high motives, the altruism, the righting of wrongs, which animated J. B. McNamara and Ortie McManigal, it is surprising that up till now the Nobel prize for idealism has not been divided between these two men.

Hypocrisy is not the word to describe Mr. Gompers's attitude at Rochester. Hypocrisy implies a *prima facie* capacity to deceive, whereas Mr. Gompers's statement would not deceive a child, no, not even if the child were as innocent as a labor-union official with dynamite stored about the premises, all unknown to him. Mr. Gompers was simply indulging in disgusting effrontery. Being human, the American Federation of Labor is liable to error. But the erring consisted in the pursuance of a policy of terrorism extending over years and carried out in cold blood. The Federation must not be judged by its "derelicts." But the derelicts in the McNamara disclosures were the directing

officials of labor unions, many of whom are still holding office. In whatever city Ortie McManigal turned up for a "job," he was put into communication with the business-agent of the local union, from whom McManigal received orders and directions. And at the Ironworkers' headquarters in Indianapolis a close watch was kept on McManigal's activities. Money appropriations were made, so that McManigal might devote himself single-heartedly to his altruistic mission. There seems to have been a fixed scale of remuneration. The fact that McManigal's paymaster "held out upon him," giving him \$125 per "job" instead of the \$200 appropriated to that purpose, may be brought to Mr. Gompers's attention as another instance of human frailty.

What Mr. Gompers might have said is that organized labor as a whole is not in favor of dynamite as a method of winning strikes. What he might have said is that the great majority of the rank and file in the American Federation of Labor is opposed to murder in industrial warfare. That would have been true. Violence has been a feature of labor conflicts, officially unsanctioned, but tolerated nevertheless, or even secretly encouraged. But there are degrees of violence. Violence will be practiced in the course of bitterly-fought strikes. At critical moments in such contests, passion may run even to the length of murder. But there is a vital difference between a crowd of riotous teamsters and longshoremen engaging in battle with strike-breakers, and a committee of union officials sending forth its emissaries of death as part of a deliberately planned campaign deliberately carried out. On broad human principles we may be sure that the rank and file of the American Federation of Labor would not approve of such tactics, because no group of two million civilized people would approve of them. Terrorism always emanates from a small minority in whose philosophy the end justifies the means.

So Mr. Gompers might justly have asserted of the ordinary member of the American Federation of Labor, that he is opposed to McNamariam and McManigalism. But that would have meant to condemn the present system of labor leadership. As it is, the prestige of Samuel Gompers is to-day badly shattered. To public opinion outside of or-

ganized labor he stands out as the head of a "conservative" labor movement which is now foully smeared with anarchy. To the members of organized labor he stands out as a leader who has allowed the odium of anarchy to be saddled upon them without the compensating prestige that comes from assuming a frankly revolutionary attitude. To throw bombs for the purpose of overthrowing the "capitalist" system is a comprehensible mode of procedure. But to pursue the conciliation of labor and capital by planting dynamite, is mad futility. With the stigma of McNamariam upon it, the American Federation of Labor under Gompers is an object of fear to the conservative citizen, and an object of derision to real revolutionists like the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World.

#### THE PROFESSOR AND THE MACHINE.

Professor Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, who, like Professor Cattell, of Columbia, has long been one of the leading spokesmen of the doctrine of professorial independence, gives in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November a somewhat rambling, but on the whole decidedly impressive, survey of the question. The article has a striking collocation of opinions from many sources, which serves to reveal how far the evil of excessive systematization, undue control, and unnecessary concentration of power has been felt by serious observers of our universities. The title of the article—"The Administrative Peril in Education"—is a catchword that ought to stick. Whatever particular harm or offence there may be in this or that error of administration, it is not errors or failures or inefficiencies that constitute the vital trouble. For it is the soul of university life, rather than the body, that the "administrative peril" touches; and the damage to that soul is done not by defects of administration, but by the exalting of the administrative ideal above the ideals of intellectual distinction and of personal individuality and freedom.

Criticism of the administrationism that pervades our universities most often takes the shape of an attack upon the dominance of the university president. In truth, this is not of the essence of the matter; but it is natural

that it should attract the most attention. On this head, there is many a telling stroke in Professor Jastrow's paper, both from his own hand and from that of others. A combination of the two is presented in this passage:

"When the wisdom of letting a man lord it over an aggregate of employees instead of conferring with a company of scholars is questioned, the answer is the efficiency with which the autocrat can get things done" (J. McK. Cattell). Efficiency undefined and unattached is either the most meaningless or the most dangerous of terms. . . . Even so directly utilitarian a thing as a signpost is efficient only when you know where you want to go and where not; the term should never be permitted to appear in educational discussions without a chaperon.

From many quarters, academic and other, are quoted judgments like this of the *Springfield Republican*:

No single thing has done more harm in higher education in America during the past quarter-century than the steady aggrandizement of the presidential office and the modelling of university administration upon the methods and ideals of the factory and the department store.

Among the manifestations of the temper bred by this aggrandizement, one is peculiarly interesting: it is "an association, composed of the presidents and deans of a score of the foremost universities, which is sufficiently naïve or presuming to call itself 'The Association of American Universities.'"

But after all, as we have said, this undue exaltation of the presidency is not the essential matter. It is but the outward and visible sign of something that lies far deeper. Indeed, it is a curious fact that this very paper of Professor Jastrow betrays the way in which the idea of the all-importance of administration, or at least of managing policy in some form, has permeated our university world. For, though nothing is plainer than that the writer has fully seized upon the essence of the matter, he shows an unconscious gravitation towards the prevailing point of view in the extent to which he dwells upon the question of the seat of administrative power, as compared with the question of the limits which should be set upon the reach of that power, by whomsoever exercised. Probably no reform is more urgent than that of giving the faculty its proper place in the settlement of university questions, and it is natural that much of Professor Jastrow's argument should be directed to this subject; but it is nevertheless noteworthy that

he says nothing at all about the danger of the democratic faculty government becoming in its own way inimical to individuality, to personal freedom, to the prerogative of intellect in the university. He is deeply concerned about the dignity of the profession; and doubtless this would be enhanced by raising the faculty to a position of headship, instead of inferiority, in the university government. But no improvement in its mere administrative status could effect that elevation of the professorate which would come from the removal of administrative pressure, irrespective of its source. It is not more scientific management, or "team work," or coördination, or subordination, but more individual freedom, that is needed to raise the tone of the professorate, and to attract into it strong minds and high natures.

Professor Jastrow himself is keenly aware of the real need, although he has not brought it out clearly in this article. How we are to advance towards the ideal held in view by him, and by the many writers whom he quotes, is a difficult question to answer. One of the serious obstacles to be encountered springs from that merging of the university with the college which, while probably a necessary outcome of our educational history, has given rise to much confusion of counsel. But progress in the right direction will be furthered by discussion; for the one thing most needful is that all who are interested in the higher education should become aware of the existence of the question, and of its seriousness. As Professor Jastrow puts it:

The one paramount danger, the most comprehensively unfavorable factor affecting ominously the prospects of the higher education, is the *undue dominance of administration*: in policy, in measures, in personal relations, in all the distinctive interests of education and the welfare of ideas and ideals. What is imperilled most directly is the academic career: its worth, its service, its security, its satisfactions, its attractiveness to the higher types of men.

#### FLIRTING WITH FAME.

Upon whom will the literary spotlight in England next fall? Just now it appears to be flashing a bit aimlessly among old favorites. A new play by Shaw and revival of his old ones have put the public in a flutter, but nothing like the original flutter; Conan Doyle is out with what his publishers call an improvement upon Sherlock Holmes;

Mr. Wells has just had his say on the most important institution in life, "Marriage"; and a new work is advertised by A. C. Benson. Yet from all this flurry there emerges the definite impression that Mr. Bennett has at length stepped out of the limelight and that his place will probably be taken by some one who has never been there before. Meanwhile there have appeared, within the past month or so, three books from the same pen. A glance at *Who's Who* reminds us that their author began writing nearly two decades ago, that he has experimented with several literary types, and, to judge by his present rate of issue, that he probably has a trunk full of unpublished manuscripts ready to be put forth the moment the public shall give the word. What more promising candidate for literary radiance has England to offer? We are not really prophesying, we are not exploiting, we are simply pondering over one who is just now assailing the public with his ideas—Hilaire Belloc.

Mr. Belloc has to his credit, in the immediate present, a highly diverting mystery story, "The Green Overcoat"; "The Four Men," being mainly a symposium shared in by "Myself," Grizzled-beard, a Poet, and a Sailor, on an imaginary walk through Sussex; and a book of essays, "This and That and the Other." A look at his past marks him as a versifier, a novelist, and a writer of miscellaneous articles, with a bias for history and the out-of-doors. Like Mr. Benson, he is an academic, having been for the past year or so head of the English department at East London College. He has already shown a many-sided activity, and on occasion has contrived to be in the forefront of public discussion, as a member of Parliament and especially in his defence of Catholicism. But the fact that he is so much better known in England than in this country makes it clear that he has never quite attained genuine popularity. One can get his flavor by turning to his latest essays, which we fancy were collected from the usual newspaper column. There is the smartness which seems to be required of the London set. If Chesterton could demonstrate how admirable a creature is a bore, Mr. Belloc has closely reasoned praise for the dupe. With him, too, pure logic squints at life's follies. Assuming ethical indifference for the pur-

pose of satire, he points out the most advantageous way to lie, to deceive; or to gain useful acquaintance with the great:

Another very good trick, which still possesses great force, is to repudiate any personal acquaintance with the celebrity in question, and treat him merely as some one whom one has read of in the newspapers; but next, as though following a train of thought, to begin talking of some much less distinguished relative of his with the grossest possible familiarity.

But Mr. Belloc at this game is much more human than his predecessors. What saves Mr. Chesterton's essays from the appearance of mere jugglery is his steady plea for orthodoxy; Mr. Bennett's smartness is tempered by common sense. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, partakes of a spirit of indulgence, which reveals the close contact with life and suggests not infrequently the remonstrances of Thackeray. The latter, we know, had somewhat the French manner, and it may be that Mr. Belloc's French parentage on his father's side speaks in this way through him. In a word, he runs easily to farcical situations, helping out the wit of pure logic by a buoyant humor. So in the spirit of the higher criticism he calls one of his own works, recovered supposedly from oblivion in the thirtieth century. By an elaborate comedy, with Shakespeare as hero, he pictures deliciously the present-day attentions of publisher and society to rising authors. "My daughter tells me," writes one great lady, "how much she admired your play, 'Macduff,' and very much wants to see you."

A pretty feeling for nature runs through Mr. Belloc's work, with which fancy and philosophy pleasantly mingle. On this side he is Mr. Benson without his great seriousness. With a moving simplicity he makes no religion of nature, but accepts her joyfully where she meets him:

If any man owned that valley, blessed be that man, but if no man owned it, and only God, then I could better understand the benediction which it imposed upon me, a chance wanderer, for something little less than an hour. . . . I was not so foolish as to attempt a prolongation of this blessedness: these things are not for possession: they are an earnest only of things which we may perhaps possess, but not while the business is on.

As will be seen, he is not a Romanticist, and indeed elsewhere comes out strongly for the classical standard of control, for the proportioned and reasoned sum of all human emotions. Nature of the

country, town, or city takes its place in that general sweep of history and tradition which for him is the backbone of life.

Whether Mr. Belloc ever catches the public ear with the insistence of some others is not a matter of great moment—except, of course, to him. He is, at any rate, an interesting figure in English literary life; and, if he may be taken as typical of it, will serve to bring out the differences between such life there and here. Of American essayists who have the cleverness to win genuine popularity, to whom may we turn for anything like his combination of qualities? Smartness in this country is apt to carry with it that extreme commitment to modernity which loses touch with the lessons of the past.

#### WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

Mrs. Andrew Lang has been writing about the "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man." It is mostly that lady's social and public relations that are discussed. Doubtless the fireside companions of some of the irritable tribe of writers have their personal domestic tribulations, but the wife of Andrew Lang could scarcely have been one of these. Unless he was very different in his married life from what he was as the public and his friends saw him, he could not have been a man "gey ill to live with." Mrs. Lang does, indeed, speak as one who knows from experience when she refers to the duty of the wife of a literary celebrity to be a sort of "amateur Providence" to him, reminding him of his engagements, etc.; but this intimate side of the matter she passes over lightly. Her witty comments are expended upon other aspects of the life of a writer's wife, which she plainly believes to be not all beer and skittles.

It carries with it, to be sure, many social opportunities, but also how many social embarrassments, how many disconcerting situations, how many awkward moments! The wife receives an invitation, we will say, to spend a weekend at some great country-house with her husband. Instantly the feeling arises in her mind that she is asked merely as a necessary encumbrance. It is the genius who is really wanted, and his frump or bore of a wife is included only for the sake of politeness. She is as anxious as the Lady Clare to be loved

for her own true worth, yet she has a horrid doubt lest she be graciously accepted only as the woman who cooks and sews for her husband, and who therefore has a claim upon his hosts. And the best rôle for her to attempt to play under such dubious and trying circumstances is a vexing puzzle. Shall she set up for a blue-stocking? Or shall she sardonically make herself out more of an ignoramus than even her entertainers believe her to be? Shall she smile sweetly and efface herself? Or shall she set out to be vivacious and take the lead in conversation? She has to consider not only other people, but her husband. His reputation is, in a way, in her keeping, and she also knows that his comfort and peace of mind may depend for the moment upon the way in which she conducts herself in general company. She may be very gayly and successfully assuming a part, when his reproachful eye will meet hers to make them both ill at ease.

One of the severest trials of the wife of a literary man must arise out of the foolish talk she is forced to hear about him. Some of this she overhears, all "unbeknownst," and can laugh to herself quietly about it. But in person she has to face the compliments, often left-handed, and the stupid remarks and silly questions which some people are forever pressing upon the wives of famous men. Don't you find it a wonderful privilege to live in daily companionship with such a towering intellect? How does he ever manage to discover such wonderful thoughts? Do you talk over the plots of his novels with him? Did he take that lovely character of Griselda partly from you? He surely has thousands of admirers. It must be great fun to read their letters. Do you ever let anybody come in to watch him while he is writing? Confronted by such impertinences and banalities, what is a woman married to a literary man to do? Probably her wisest course would be to imitate Mrs. Carlyle, who, when one of the servants asked her if "Master" was not the greatest man in England, replied: "We fondly hope so."

Mrs. Lang goes upon the supposition that the literary marriage she deals with is one of true minds. The wife is fitted to understand if not actually to help the husband in his chosen pursuits. But it is well known that there have been two views about the desirability of

this. The matter was discussed by P. G. Hamerton, in that once popular book, "The Intellectual Life." He presented two alternatives to the literary man in search of a helpmeet. Let him either look for a wife of high intelligence, able to sympathize with him and encourage him and cooperate with him in his work, or for one who will know nothing whatever about his writing, and will stand apart from it and let him go his own way, giving, meanwhile, slave-like attention to his comfort. This last plan has had the practical commendation of some great names. Rousseau and his unaccountable Thérèse have been often mentioned in this centenary year. Not a few have been wholly unable to explain, except on the ground of the vagaries of genius, how Goethe—the man who wrote the letters to Frau von Stein—could have been content to live all those years with his unintelligent Christiane. Such a union as that of the Brownings would be voted by most people to be vastly nearer the ideal. But even in instances like that the wife's trials—of the kind Mrs. Lang refers to—would not be wholly absent. Possibly the literary man as husband also has his.

#### FRENCH NOTES.

PARIS, November 1.

"Sources d'Idées au 16<sup>e</sup> siècle" (Plon), by Pierre Villey, is a small but useful, as well as original and authentic, study of the history of French thought. "If France in the sixteenth century was the scene of so profound a revolution, intellectual and moral, it was because new ideas came rushing in from every side and penetrated brains and upset them." This book is to show whence the ideas came. The author's competent acquaintance with that age has long since been recognized. Not the least sign of his keen insight is the use he has made of the translations which were channels to the flood tide of ideas. It is not scholars poring over foreign originals who can transform a nation's thought. Remy de Gourmont, one of our most notorious pursuers of ideas frivolous or profound, in the first series of his "Promenades littéraires," has shown how eighteenth-century translations from the English prepared French Romanticism in the nineteenth. In the sixteenth century of M. Villey, the new light came first from Italy, whose civilization was most advanced, and through Italy from classic antiquity.

Remy de Gourmont wickedly compares the enthusiasm with which that far-off time received the translation of

Ovid by Louis des Masures and of Anacreon by Remy Belleau with the heedlessness of all save specialists in our day, when the newly discovered "Athenian Republic" of Aristotle is translated, or the "Mimes" of Herondas or important fragments of Menander. We know it all beforehand, and the revelation dies with us, while we read our newspapers; but Ovid's luscious verse and the trifling songs of Anacreon cleared minds of mediæval and Reforming rhymes and prepared an avid public for the poets of the *Pléiade*, and, when the sonorous voice of Spain and Portugal of the *Conquistadores* was next heard, for Corneille, and so on, to Racine and a new classic century. It is, of course, the irruption of Greece and Rome into the modern world that has really counted. We are still all of us children of the Renaissance more than of the Reformation, which suspected it of Popery, or of the French Revolution, which flattered itself with rekindling the antique Republican flame. M. Villey keeps to his sixteenth century and France; but his book opens up new perspectives in history, where ideas have their epic story just as things have had their tragic tears.

Those who have the cult of Alexandre Dumas the elder are accustomed to attach a certain historical importance to the first volume of his "*Mémoires*," in which he narrates the heroic childhood and high feats of his father, first of the name. In the Place Malesherbes, Paris, between the monuments to the two Alexandres known to letters, there has now been placed the statue of this hero of arms. It revives certain memories to which the post-Revolutionary son was not alive, but which are not without an echo of edification from the old régime. It is known how this dynasty of supermen sprang from one of Louis the Fifteenth's somewhat dilapidated nobles. In 1760, Antoine Alexandre Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, sometime first gentleman to the Prince de Conti and colonel and commissary-general of artillery, sailed for San Domingo. There he married Marie Cessette Dumas, a mulatto woman, and began working a plantation of the west coast at La Guimodée, near Cape Rose. There was born to them, March 25, 1762, a son, Thomas Alexandre, the future general, the first Alexandre Dumas. The second Alexandre, a romancer accustomed to the vague language of Rousseau, describes this as a marriage "according to nature," on which an equally unprecise literary history has founded the tradition that the son of the decadent marquis was "natural" or illegitimate. Yet the French peerage, legally reconstituted after the Bourbon Restoration, and during the reign of Louis Philippe, steadily recognized the novelist himself as the legitimate inheritor of the title of Marquis de La Pailleterie. There was

no reason in French law or creole prejudice why the marriage should not have been valid, and church influence which was powerful would have demanded it. Moreover, the plantation property seems to have come into the hands of the marquis through his wife, who was herself the legitimate heir of a French colonist married to a negress. The site of the property is still remembered in the island and there should somewhere be records to establish the truth without prejudice.

In 1780, after the death of his wife, the old marquis returned to France, and his quadroon son, Alexandre, mixed on equal terms with young courtiers like La Fayette, Lameth, Dillon, Lauzun. In his resounding duels with some of this gilded youth, no stain on his birth was thrown up to him; and the young noble whom he tossed from an equally noble lady's box at the opera into the pit had only pretended to mistake him for a lackey on account of his color. The terrible Marshal Richelieu, who was above eighty, insisted on serving in the ensuing duel as second to the son of the marquis to whom he had rendered a like service a half-century before. There was never any question of difference in rank. When the Revolution came, with its proscription of nobles, the young creole chose to serve in the armies under his mother's name; but his legal description under Napoleon and to his death in 1806 carried the name legitimately inherited from his father—General Alexandre Davy de La Pailleterie Dumas. Recent publication of documents of the time has cleared up his relations with Napoleon, who admired the son of thunder's exploits, but was unwilling to overlook his persistent ill-luck.

It cannot be said that research has not succeeded in lightening one of the heavy mysteries of modern history. The mystery is the fate of Louis XVII, the prisoner of the Temple. It has been lightened of the Naundorff incubus. Ernest Daudet, perhaps from his liking for Louis XVIII, of whom he knows more than any living historian, considers the death in the Temple certain. But it is also certain that the prisoner's sister, who was confined with him but kept strictly separated, did not think his survival impossible. And it is probable that Louis XVIII himself had no positive knowledge. Of all the many Pretenders, Naundorff was least likely as a lost Dauphin, and he has had the most lasting success. Round the claims transmitted to his descendants, there has grown up not only a vast literature, but something very like a speculative attempt to get at the Bourbon properties inherited by the ducal family of Parma. This went as far as the French Senate, which drew out a critical study of the case that should dictate the verdict of history—"La Pétition

Naundorff au Sénat," by Georges de Manteyer. It is a wonderful work of patient, skilful research in obscure public records and unveils the real life of adventure and want and ambition of Naundorff. There still had to be explained his evident belief in his own stories (for they changed often). This has been undertaken as a case of pathological psychology by Doctors Sérieux and Capgras in "*Le Messianisme d'un faux dauphin*." A megalomaniac and mystic degenerate, he was obstinate in his belief that he was both Louis XVII and the Elect of God; and his folly was communicative. His wife, in her parallel hallucinations, saw five kings seated on thrones to deliberate about her husband. The facts of this medical consultation are historical, though the conclusions from them have not the weight of proof of Manteyer's study of records without hypothesis. S. D.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A list of works illustrated by John Leech is highly needed; none of this draughtsman's bibliographers has presented an adequate summary of his book and magazine illustration, none avoided errors. I venture to offer some discoveries and corrections, made with reference to my own collection largely, which may be of service to the collector who still awaits a Douglas or a Reid for his Leech. Of the chronologies available in print the best is that of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, which, published in 1892, the year following the appearance of Frith's Life, was designed to supplement that work. The lists compiled by Kitton, Dr. John Brown, Everitt and others, as well as the tables given in the Dictionary of National Biography and the British Museum Catalogue, yield to that of Chambers in respect both of fulness and of accuracy; and I shall use Chambers, therefore, as a working-text for the emendations which follow. I have taken no account of those books of which the publication in parts anticipates the year of publication as accepted, or of editions other than first which have not an individual aspect.

1835. On Leech's early work, information is scarce. His original essay in print appears to have been the "Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen, Esq.," published 1835. As lithograph this piece consorts with Leech's other efforts in this genre during the same year, of which Chambers cites the two series of individual colored plates published by W. Spooner, "Droll Doings" and "Funny Characters." Related with the Spooner sets, both in style and in general subject-matter, is the "Humorous Sketches," a set of plates published by W. Soffe, not catalogued by any bibliographer. These three series form an item of the late Harry E. Widener's library, so far as I have been able to learn the most complete set, of which Mr. Widener furnished me a syllabus shortly before his death. That a further series, to be called "Boarding School Exclamations," was projected by Leech appears from the subscription "Boarding School Exclamations No. 1," by the artist's hand, to the original sketch in my possession of Plate No. 19 of the "Funny

Characters" set; and some such series may exist in print. Another lithograph unlisted by bibliographers is "The Human Face Divine and De Vino," published by W. Spooner, (probably) in this year. These 1835 lithographs are, throughout, colored, although some are to be found in both states.

1840. "The Bachelor's Walk," Peter Styles, Gentleman (not mentioned in any bibliography).

1840. *Bentley's Miscellany*. A bibliography of Leech's work in *Bentley's* is wanting. This is more serious than in the case of most periodicals which Leech served, partly because of the extent of his work herein (1840-9, 1853-4), and partly because several of Leech's more important collaborators anticipated their first editions in the pages of this magazine. Thus, just as the first edition of "Oliver Twist" and the Cruikshank plates is antedated by the *Bentley Miscellany* issues, so Leech may be found before the first editions of "Ingoldsby," "Richard Savage," and "Mr. Ledbury." The following titles embrace the serial novels for which Leech executed drawings in *Bentley's*: "Stanley Thorn," Henry Cockton, VIII-IX; "Richard Savage," Charles Whitehead, X-XII; "Mr. Ledbury's Grand Tour" ("Mr. Ledbury's Adventures at Home and Abroad," "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and His Friend Jack Johnson"), Albert Smith, XII-XIV; "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," Albert Smith, XV-XVI; "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," Albert Smith, XVII-XVIII; "Brian O'Linn," W. H. Maxwell, XIX-XXI; "Aspen Court," Shirley Brooks, XXXIII-XXXV. Of individual pieces further which Leech illustrated for *Bentley's* there are not less than fifty-eight, including a story by J. Fenimore Cooper (XX, 429).

1840. "Comic English Grammar," Percival Leigh (ascribed to Gilbert & Beckett by F. G. Kitton, "John Leech: A Biographical Sketch," p. 64; by Graham Everitt, "English Caricaturists," p. 407).

1840. "The Ingoldsby Legends," Three Series, 1840, 1842, 1847. The first issue of the first series has p. 236 blank, and an appendix in verse follows p. 338. A quarto edition of "Ingoldsby" was published in 1864 with a new set of Leech's drawings on wood.

1840. Lithographic Cartoons, not in bibliographies: "Is this the General Post, Sir?" and "The Regicide Pot Boy," published by R. Tyas, June 13-20.

1840. *The London Magazine, Charivari, and Courrier des Dames*, Vol. II, No. 8, has a frontispiece signed: "Jack Leech done it."

1840. Parody on the Mulready Post-Office Envelope. This *jeu d'esprit* bears the Leech-bottle and the following text: "This design has (most respectfully of course) been submitted to Government by an aspiring Artist Mul-led-al-ready." There is a variant of the parody, without letters and differing in the minor figures.

1841. "Portraits of the Children of the Mobility," Percival Leigh. Eight plates, given as seven in Kitton.

1842. "Richard Savage," Charles Whitehead. Vol. III in some issues of the first edition has an extra plate, "Ludlow's Madness," facing p. 300, which is not carried in the index.

1843. "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens. First issue of first edition has green end papers and "Stave I," afterward "Stave One."

1843. "The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table" (Chambers, 1845). Contains plate signed "Leonardo da Vinci delt."

1843. "Jessie Phillips," Mrs. Trollope. Three-volume edition published in 1843 (not in bibliographies); one-volume edition 1844; each a first edition respectively.

1843. "The Wassail Bowl," Albert Smith (in Chambers ascribed to Douglas Jerrold).

1844. "The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table" (Vol. I, 1843).

1844. "The Comic Arithmetic." There is much confusion over this little work. Kitton and Everitt list "The Comic Arithmetic" in their Leech Chronologies, and Dr. John Brown cites "The Comic Cocker" in his. Crowquill, not Leech, illustrated the book, which was republished under the latter name in 1850, together with "The Comic English Grammar" and "The Comic Eton Grammar" (originally "The Comic Latin") in one volume entitled "Paul Prendergast; or, the Comic Schoolmaster." Leech illustrated the English and Eton Grammars, parts I and III of this work, and the Arithmetic has been ascribed to him not improbably because of its contiguity herewith.

1844. "The Comic Blackstone." Mr. A. W. A. Beckett in "The A Becketts of Punch," p. 82, records that Leech made one of the illustrations of this book by G. A. A. Beckett. Contemporary advertisements accord the illustrations solely to Cruikshank.

1844. "Nursery Ditties," Mrs. Lullaby (not in the bibliographies).

1844. "Our Fido and His Adventures." Probably unpublished.

1845. "The Chimes," Charles Dickens. First edition in America, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia. Leech's woodcuts in text of the English edition appear as full-page illustrations. Title (by Macilise) lithographed, of English edition engraved.

1845. "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," Albert Smith. J. H. Slater, in "Early Editions," p. 264, collates incorrectly Leech's etchings as, in number, seven, six, and one respectively for the three volumes instead of six, six, and two.

1845-6. "The History of St. Giles and St. James," Douglas Jerrold. *Shilling Magazine*, Vols. I-IV. This novel with Leech's plates, not ascribed in Chambers, was republished in the collected works of Douglas Jerrold, 1863.

1846. "The Cricket on the Hearth," Charles Dickens. Omitted by Chambers and Kitton.

1846. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," Douglas Jerrold. Colored lithographs by Leech to the number of at least five supplement the book, although published separately.

1849. "Toll and Trial," Camilla Toulmin. *Railway Reading*, limp cloth, published together with "The Iron Rule" and "A Story of the West End," in one volume. (Contrast second edition, 1850, in which is substituted Mrs. Harvey's "Double Claim" for these companion pieces.)

1850, circa. "A Holiday Book for Christmas and the New Year" (not in bibliographies).

1852. "Comic Tales and Sketches," Albert Smith. A new edition, without date, embraces the same author's "Pictures of Life at Home and Abroad," originally published in 1853.

1852. "The Great Highway," S. W. Ful-  
lom. Second edition in one volume of the

three-volume first edition in this the same year.

1852. "Picturesque Sketches of London, Past and Present," Thomas Miller (not in bibliographies).

1854. "Pictures of Life and Character," *Punch*. The correct dates of the five series are 1854, 1857, 1862, 1863, 1869.

1857-8. "Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor," William E. Burton, editor (not in the bibliographies).

1857. "Merry Pictures by the Comic Hands." Includes Leech's cuts in "The Comic Latin Grammar," printed with new titles.

1858. "Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports." An edition which incorporated the three-volume first edition in one volume was published in this the same year.

1859. "Nature and Human Nature," Thomas C. Haliburton.

"Wise Saws and Modern Instances," *do*. Neither of these Sam Slick items is to be found in the bibliographies.

1859. *Once a Week*. Leech's work appeared in the first five volumes, 1859-61 (Chambers, 1859-64).

1861. *Punch's Almanacs*, first series (not mentioned as an independent work).

1862. "Sketches in Oil." Catalogue of exhibit at the Auction Mart Gallery (not in the bibliographies).

1863. "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," John Forster. Fourth edition of "Life and Adventures," 1848.

1865. "Hunting." Twenty-one colored plates, 34x22, after oil sketches.

"Sports and Pastimes." Ten plates of the above. J. H. Slater catalogues the latter in "Illustrated Sporting Books," pp. 116, 191.

1872. "Exhibition of Outlines by the late John Leech" (not in the bibliographies).

1880. *Punch's Almanacs*, second series.

1886. "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," Albert Smith. Reprint containing all the *Bentley* illustrations (Chambers, 1888).

1892. "A Little Tour in Ireland," S. Reynolds Hole. Large paper, limited edition; first edition 1859.

N. D. "The Path of Roses," Frederick Greenwood (not in bibliographies).

Further, of biographical and critical material, as well as of bibliographical, sources are available for a much more extended synopsis than any which has been printed. STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

## Correspondence

SENATOR HEYBURN, OF IDAHO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many Southern journals are severely criticising Senator Heyburn, of Idaho. One of Solon's laws for Greece was "not to speak ill of the dead." Why should we not prefer to remember the good and forget the evil in a person who may have erred in what he believed to be right? Senator Heyburn was born May 23, 1852, in Delaware County, Pa., and was thus only nine years of age when the South seceded. His parents were Quakers, a people whose religious principles are opposed to war for any cause. He was brought up in a school fanatically antagonistic to the institutions of the South, both political and religious.

With such surroundings, was it not natural that he should imbibe the principles and prejudices of his parents and people, which could have been eradicated from his mind only by his coming South and mingling with its people?

Senator Heyburn was a strong character, with a cultivated intellect, a ready and impressive debater, quick at repartee, with courage and confidence in his own ability. He was a foeman worthy of the steel of the most formidable antagonist on the floor of the Senate. Only such accomplished statesmen as Hon. John Sharp Williams, with the better cause to defend, could cope with him in debate. Evidently a close student, he was always prepared to argue on any question that came before the Senate, and was a smooth, impromptu speaker, who never faltered for the right word, and never revised anything in his speeches after they had been caught by the stenographers.

Let us excuse his one grievous fault—the error of his career in the Senate—that he was not great enough with all his gifts to overcome the prejudices engendered by the environment of his youth. These had crystallized in his breast a burning hatred to the Southern soldiers, which so blinded his judgment that he could not realize their worth after fifty years of loyalty to their oath of allegiance to the Government, which, with a strong arm, had crushed and destroyed their homes and laid their land desolate. Their fathers had left them a heritage in the past of statesmanship in peace and daring in battle (for the old flag which had never met a foreign foe without a blood offering for Old Glory), yet Senator Heyburn could not welcome his brother of the South to a seat in our father's house, the Capitol of our nation.

Is it not better to be charitable to the dead who can no longer defend their character? I prefer to remember the man who had the manliness to come forward and offer me his hand as a token of friendship after I had replied in the way that cut him deepest to his tirade of abuse against the Confederacy, and to his imputation on the character of our best beloved chief, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

I would in a spirit of love for frail humanity plant a flower on Senator Heyburn's grave that should fill the atmosphere with a fragrance of sweetest love, that should dispel every odor of hate from his memory. *Requiescat in pace.* JAMES GORDON,

Ex-U. S. Senator for Mississippi.

Okolona, Miss., November 5.

#### THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are several samples of incorrect reasoning in your editorial on "Metaphysical Standards of Living" (*Nation*, November 7). To take a single example, you say: "The non-metaphysical mind insists on asking, Where has the American workingman vanished to? Evidently, he must have vanished either up or down." This sounds like a sample of what Burke called "the smartness of debate." A thing may vanish by becoming non-existent.

But what is to be gained by such quibbles? Why not face the issue squarely, and take sides definitely upon it? There

are two questions upon which the issue of restricting immigration depends. The first is, Would the restriction of immigration make unskilled labor scarcer and harder to find, or would it not? The second is, Is it, or is it not, desirable that unskilled labor should be scarcer and harder to find than it now is?

As to the first question, there is not likely to be much difference of opinion. The opponents of restriction generally use as one of their arguments the need of more unskilled labor. That indicates pretty clearly their belief that restriction would interfere with the supplying of that need; that is, that it would make unskilled labor scarcer and harder to find. As to the second question, there is likely to be a difference of opinion. Opponents of restriction doubtless think it undesirable that labor should be scarcer and harder to find. As a restrictionist, I, for one, wish to say clearly and emphatically that I think it desirable that unskilled labor should be very much scarcer and harder to find. I realize, of course, that this means a certain curtailment of production, and a retardation of the rate of increase in national wealth. But I think that the advantages would outweigh the disadvantages.

So long as labor of any kind is abundant and easy to find, so long will the laborers have to hunt for work, and take what is offered. Being unable to choose their jobs, they will have to work under dangerous and unsatisfactory conditions. Then we shall be wasting our time on such palliation as factory inspection and a thousand and one other schemes for protecting the laborer. When labor is scarce and hard to find, then the laborer can choose his job, and the employer will, without legal compulsion, see that conditions are made attractive, and we shall be rid of most of this flood of "social" legislation. The writer is, further, of the opinion that a state of society where the employer has only to hang out a sign, "Man Wanted," and wait for men to apply, in order that he may choose, is less desirable, on the whole, than a state where the laborer has only to hang out a sign, "Job Wanted," and wait for jobs to come in order that he may choose the one he likes best. Under the first condition, the term wage-slavery has a meaning sufficiently near the truth to make revolutionists. Under the second state, no one could use such a term with a straight face.

T. N. CARVER.

Cambridge, Mass., November 8.

#### HONOR AMONG ARTISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be well if something analogous to pure food laws could be brought to bear upon artists. There is altogether too much shoddy work issued over the signatures of artists who have had higher standards and fairer ideals. The chief offenders in this respect seem to have chosen the covers of popular magazines as their peculiar field. The perpetrators of these covers may be the first, I fear, to cry, "By what standards shall our art be judged, and who, pray, are to be the critics?" That difficulty is not insurmountable, as is shown by the work of such illustrators as Maxfield Parrish, J. C. Leyendecker, A. I. Keller, and

Howard Pyle, which is often excellent and which offers a convenient standard.

The progress of the modern illustrator is often as follows: He works hard and conscientiously, persevering, in spite of obstacles and rebuffs, until his work is recognized as possessing good qualities, and then the publishers are ready to exploit it. They flood the market with widely advertised reproductions of his drawings. The demand is then established. Too frequently a year will mark a decided change in the quality of the work. The "characteristic" elements of the drawings increase, but the excellencies fade away and are gone. We are surfeited with the mawkishly sentimental and sickly sweet productions of men who have done first-class work and would still do it if a healthful stimulus were applied by the publishers.

C. F. KELLEY.

University of Illinois, November 14.

#### THE LOEB LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since I heard of the project of the Loeb Library, I have eagerly and impatiently looked forward to its issue. My disappointment has been proportionately keen in finding the English version of Euripides to be in verse.

Surely, the library is intended for the lover of literature, who, though a decent classical scholar, has not sufficient learning or sufficient time to read Greek and Latin unaided, and its purpose must be to enable him to get a first-hand knowledge of the classics without recourse to grammar and lexicon. To serve this purpose, what is needed is a sufficiently literal, yet idiomatic, prose translation, written in smooth, harmonious, but unmetrical English. I mean such a translation as is found in the Dante of the Temple Classics. I look upon the text of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" in those little volumes (the translation of the "Paradiso" leaves much to be desired) as models of what such a bi-lingual edition should be.

Surely, none of the arguments have place here which are pertinent to verse translations of classical authors unaccompanied by the original text. If the reader of the poets of the Loeb Library has not sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to get the rhythm, the verse quality, of his author, this edition is not for him; it can serve only a shallow pretence of learning. There are plenty of good verse translations ready to his need. If, on the other hand, the reader can get the metrical value in the original, he cannot afford the inevitable loss in closeness of rendering entailed by a translation in verse.

There is the further consideration of the continual jar which must follow the translation from great poetry to fairly good verse.

If there are others who feel as I do, I wish that they would join with me in deprecating the use of verse translations in any of the volumes to come.

ELIZABETH KNIGHT TOMPKINS.

New York, November 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every lover of literature will join in the welcome given in your editorial of November 7 to the Loeb Classical Library, but surely it may be permitted to express

a regret that the volumes are so unattractively printed. The paper is sometimes imperfectly opaque, and the type is not attractive. Certainly there is no excuse for using such a poor fount of Roman letters, and even for the Greek letters there are beautiful founts, such as the one designed by Mr. Selwyn Image, the use of which might perhaps have been obtained for publications so disinterested in purpose. As presumably one of the objects of this series is to attract readers, and as one of the most important lessons to be learned from the ancient civilizations is that the smallest details of life may be artistically ordered, this failure to print the books beautifully must be considered a great opportunity wasted.

FRANK WRIGHT.

Cambridge, Mass., November 10.

## Literature

### CHANNING'S HISTORY.

*A History of the United States.* By Edward Channing. Vol. III: The American Revolution, 1761-1789. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The third volume of Professor Channing's great undertaking, which for two years past the publishers have been announcing as "forthcoming," has at last arrived. If there is any reproach in this "at last," it is not intended for the author. In an age of specialists, when, as Leslie Stephen says, an event takes longer to describe than to occur, one can but admire the courage of any historian who proposes single-handed, and hampered by the scholar's conscience, to write a comprehensive history covering the last four centuries. Every page of Professor Channing's book bears witness that he has the scholar's conscience. It is true he does not profess to have "exhausted" the sources. He frankly confesses that it is impossible for one man to master "even a tithe of this material." But he has mastered a good part of it. In respect to the printed sources, his scholarship is eminently sound and discriminating. How sound and discriminating it is, one does not perhaps perceive at first, carried along by the easy narrative, by a certain charm in the style, so direct and lucid, so unlabored, so pliantly responsible to the exact pressure of the thought it is designed to convey. But in the end, aware that all this ease and precision comes of much information well meditated, one is inclined to marvel at the rapidity with which Professor Channing proceeds with his task.

The Revolution has most often been regarded as nothing more than a contest for home rule which ended in rebellion and independence. Historians have aimed to exhibit the causes of this contest, to estimate the justice or the expediency of the British policy on the one side, the justice or the necessity of colonial resistance on the other, to ex-

plain how it was that attempts at conciliation failed, and how, in the resort to arms, the colonists were able to succeed against so formidable an enemy. Until recently, American writers have not sympathized with or very well understood the imperial interests which determined British policy. They have accordingly been rather partial to the revolutionists. English writers until recently have not understood imperial interests very well, either, but they have said what they could for British policy, and have been willing enough to discount the value of patriot rhetoric. But during the last twenty years a good deal of material which throws new light on imperial interests has been exploited by both American and English scholars, while at the same time the shifting of international alliances has contributed to establish more friendly relations between the people of the two countries. The result is that American historians have become so keen to understand the old colonial system as a whole, and English historians have become so generous in their estimates of our heroic age, that it is no longer possible to determine the conclusions of a writer on the Revolution by his nationality; and, in fact, one can now get good Whig doctrine, and occasionally a little refined and acceptable Whig *blague*, from Sir George Otto Trevelyan, while most excellent Tory sarcasms are to be had in abundance from Mr. Sidney George Fisher.

Professor Channing seems not to have been greatly impressed by this exchange of amenities. He is a Whig still, with an occasional sarcasm, but without any *blague* at all. As he tells it, the story of the Revolution is wonderfully free from inaccuracies and exaggerations of the sort to which American writers were once prone. In presenting the arguments used by the colonists to justify resistance, he gives them fairly and for what they are worth, but he gives the arguments on the other side, too. The famous theory about taxation and representation is carefully analyzed, and we learn how it was understood in England as well as how it was understood in the colonies. That the colonists systematically evaded the acts of trade and navigation is not glossed over. The measures of Grenville are not interpreted as embodying a brand-new policy designed to enslave the colonists, but only as an effort, for the most part, to make the old policy effective: to say that the measures of Townshend "re-established the colonial system" is to hit the mark admirably. The "Massacre" is dispatched in a few lines; the worthless story of Almon about the "political trick" concealed in the tea legislation is not repeated; the Quebec act is interpreted as the sequel of the Proclamation of 1763 rather than as a part of the coercive measures of 1774.

Many examples might be given to illustrate Professor Channing's freedom from anti-British prejudice. On the other hand, he has not been seduced by a certain prevailing fashion to regard the Revolution as a tawdry affair staged by smugglers and justified by cheap rhetoric. For example, he understands the principles of the Declaration, and in a few sentences he defines these principles, as they were understood in the eighteenth century; and so understood, it may be said in passing, they have not even yet lost all significance.

Freed from exaggeration and prejudice as the story certainly is, it is still, in its essential meaning, the story with which we are familiar. "Commercialism, the desire for advantage and profit in trade and industry, was at the bottom of the struggle between England and America; the immutable principles of human association were brought forward to justify resistance to British selfishness." This is the thesis. In the main it is defensible. But attributing "selfishness" to the British alone leaves one with the impression that only the British were selfish; that it was right for the colonists to seek advantage and profit in trade, but wrong for Englishmen to do so. And the narrative as a whole does not remove this impression; the colonists, we are led to suppose, were united in meeting an unjust attempt at exploitation by legitimate resistance, and so won independence. And they won it, apparently, because they were justified: "The modern American student sees in the third George no mere tyrant, no misguided monarch, but an instrument of a benign providence bringing, through pain and misery, benefit to the human race." It is doubtless comforting to feel that one's own country has been set down in the heavenly decrees as a most favored nation. Still, it is possible to believe that if a benign providence had made the third George as intelligent as it made him honest, some of the pain and misery might have been avoided, without prejudice to the human race. Perhaps this point of view might have appealed more strongly to Professor Channing if he had regarded the struggle for home rule as a conflict between diverging interests, selfish or not as one likes to suppose, but surely as selfish on the one side as on the other; and one is apt to think that he would have so regarded it if he had understood the needs and institutions of the British Empire as sympathetically as he has understood the needs and institutions of the thirteen colonies.

The desire of the colonists for home rule, Professor Channing understands very well. But there is another aspect of the Revolution, not so important, perhaps, as the contest for home rule, but still very important, which he seems not to understand at all, or at least not

to have made much of. This may be called the class conflict within the colonies themselves. By the middle of the century there existed in nearly every colony a little aristocracy, based principally on wealth, a group of closely related families, aping the English gentry, getting their clothes cut in London, and having, on their walls, oil portraits of their great grand-parents, whose Christian names they knew. These families, familiar with the Governor, entrenched in the Council, controlling the Assembly through their "interests," much as the English aristocracy controlled the House of Commons, dominated colonial politics and society. Hanging to the skirts of these people were many others, well-to-do, seeking recognition, and getting as much of it as they were worth. But altogether outside of this aristocracy and its hangers-on there was another class, already formed and rapidly increasing in numbers, with different interests and ideals—small farmers in the back-country, which was being rapidly settled by German and Scotch-Irish immigrants, unfranchised artisans and workmen in the cities, debtors, ambitious young lawyers with a talent for harangue, dissenting ministers whose Princetonian Presbyterianism had been touched by the latter-day spirit of Geneva. By 1760 the conflict among these classes for control of the colonial governments had already begun: it was the conflict between "East" and "West," between franchised and unfranchised, rich and poor, between common-weal and special privilege, which, in one form or another, has characterized American history ever since.

Now, inasmuch as Professor Channing makes little or nothing of this aspect of the period, the conflict with England appears, in his narrative, much simpler than it really was. He says that the colonists were united in desiring home rule; and that is essentially true. But, then, what is the meaning of the opposition of tide-water to upland in Virginia, of Quaker to German in Pennsylvania, of merchants to mechanics in New York? What is the significance of the bitter struggle between radical and conservative for control of committees and congresses? Why did some people—Professor Channing mentions one of them, "Edmund Pendleton, who was naturally a conservative"—wish to nullify the Stamp Act by not carrying on any business which necessitated the use of stamps, while others wished to nullify it by carrying on business precisely as if no Stamp Act had been passed? Was it indeed merely a difference of temperament, a polite disagreement over the method of resistance? The truth is that the conservative class, which included those who later became loyalists, was between two fires; it feared the rising democratic spirit in the colonies almost as much as it feared the encroachments

of the English Government. It sought therefore to control the movement for home rule, and so to conduct it as to maintain its privileges against British interference without extending them to the unfranchised classes in the colonies. It was difficult to do this. The mob was very useful in nullifying a Stamp Act; but it was difficult for the conservatives, having grown eloquent about the rights of man in their petitions to the King, to explain the rights of property to their brothers at home. The dilemma of the conservatives was the opportunity of the radicals—all those, that is to say, who had little to lose and much to gain. The radicals desired something more than home rule for the rich and the well-born; they therefore used the home-rule issue to break the power of the colonial aristocracy.

And this opposition of interests and ideals, which entered into and complicated the question of home rule, became the very substance of American history after the war was over. But Professor Channing's neglect of this aspect of the Revolution makes his treatment of the period from 1783 to 1789, excellent as it is in many ways, somewhat unsatisfactory from the point of view of origins; just how the issues of these years—the formation of parties, the financial troubles, social insurrections, the establishment of a new Constitution—grew out of the class conflicts of the earlier period, is not made quite clear. From 1760 to 1830 the persistent issue in our history was the conflict of democratic and aristocratic interests and ideals. Perhaps this was the primary issue even in the Revolution; it certainly was in 1789 and in 1828. The Radicals won much in the Revolution; they lost a good deal in 1789, and won something in 1800; but when Andrew Jackson, the backwoodsman of Scotch-Irish descent who could fight better than he could spell, broke the power of the Virginia dynasty and destroyed the United States Bank, then for the first time the frontier democracy came into its own.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*Cease Firing.* By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Johnston here carries on her story of the Civil War from the point at which "The Long Roll" left it. Many of the same figures appear. Richard Cleave, who was under a cloud when we parted with him at the end of the earlier narrative, is here restored and glorified in due course. Judith Cary and the title of General are not too good for him. Maury Stafford, the villain, gets his deserts also. But this straightening out of the Cleave affair is incidental. Another young pair take the centre of the scene for romantic interest. Judith Cary, it will be recalled, has a brother Edward. Serving as a private in the

Confederate army, he finds his Désirée on a Louisiana plantation. Her father and brothers are with the army, and she is left in charge of the great estate and a hundred slaves. It is night. The river is rising. Already there is a break in the levee. By the light of a blazing tar-barrel, beautiful Désirée is superintending the work of reconstruction: if the levee gives way the whole plantation will be ruined:

She was standing high, beneath her heaped logs, behind her the night. She had clasped around her throat a soldier's cloak. The wind raised it, blew it outward, the crimson lining gleaming in the torchlight. All the red light beat upon her, upon the blowing hair, upon the deep eyes and parted lips, the outstretched arm and pointing hand, the dress of some bronze and clinging stuff, the bent knee, the foot raised upon a log higher than its fellows. The out-flung and lifted cloak had the seeming of the floating drapery in some great canvas, billowing mantle of heroine, saint, or genius.

She is a heroine, and this is evidently the nick of time for the hero to appear. He did. Edward Cary, separated from his regiment, happened on the scene—"saw her and loved her." Miss Johnston is in the habit of making rather more use of the long arm of coincidence than a writer of narrative needs. Fate parts the lovers, but arranges Edward's return to the plantation at the very moment when the sapping of the river brings about the total collapse of the mansion which, he supposes, holds Désirée. In the end, when Désirée (having been murdered by some drunken Yankee soldiers) is on the point of death, fate brings Edward, himself mortally wounded, to her side. In all this business of "heart interest" Miss Johnston follows the broad romantic tradition—is still the Miss Johnston of "Audrey" and "To Have and to Hold." Her style is inflated, and there is little or no natural dialogue in her pages. The speech of her people is bookish, strained, often hysterical. Such merit as these pictures of the Civil War have is the merit of brilliantly colored panorama. Gen. Lee is the central figure in this stretch of canvas, as Gen. Jackson was in the earlier.

*The Collectors: Being Cases Mostly Under the Ninth and Tenth Commandments.* By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

If the owner of this prettily made book will turn to page 49, he will find this sentiment: "I confessed my innermost ambition, the creation of a criticism learned and judicial in substance, but impressionistic in form." The words are from the mouth of the imaginary reciter of one of the stories in the book, but no reader of Mr. Mather's signed articles in the Art section of the *Nation* need be told how precisely they express the spirit and style of his own

critical writing in that field. Now we have the same play of learning and fancy applied to fiction, with results that are as novel as they are entertaining. Each of the stories has some bit of strange art lore as its theme—the forgery of Corots in New York by a starving artist who is half-visionary and half-charlatan; the cherishing of a false Giorgione by a great art critic and the strange appearance of the picture in a Spanish castle; the tangle of a German professor's mind between love and Lombard runes; the temptation and fall of a collector who is poor and married; the intrusion of a coveted Crevelli between the union of two rare hearts; the rivalry of two friends over deep-buried pots of Italian lustre; the selling of a forged coronal. But withal, the author's knowledge of art and deep initiation into all the intricate ways of collector and dealer are kept subordinate to the story. In that elusive region of the soul where aesthetic sense and moral feeling merge together he has discovered a fascinating field for analysis and sympathy which, as it appears in these tales, has scarcely been touched before in fiction.

The style of the book verges sufficiently towards the "precious" to suit the subtlety of the theme, yet without falling into artificiality or effeminacy. Only once or twice an annoying solecism has crept in which could well have been avoided.

*The Long Portage.* By Harold Bindloss.  
New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is in substance much like Mr. Bindloss's earlier stories. It deals, that is, with the illuminating experience of the conventional Briton in the unfamiliar Northwest. We do not say the unconventional Northwest, because it is perfectly clear that the wilderness, the rough life of the frontier, is as strictly ruled by conventions as the smoothest of English country-house existences. It is as purely a matter of obligation that one should starve and freeze and toil painfully for small immediate rewards in the one field of activity, as that one should stuff, and bask, and idle to one's heart's content and soul's disease in the other.

The hero in this instance is a Canadian of the second generation, who, brought up to the rigors of frontier life, has finally "made his pile" as a miner. He visits England for the first time on a quest undertaken to vindicate the memory of a fellow-frontiersman. A villain is involved in the person of a country gentleman, and a heroine in the person of the young lady of the old school whom that country gentleman designs to marry. He is really guilty of the dishonor which he has foisted upon our hero's dead friend. The story culminates in a sensational gathering

of all the persons chiefly concerned on that far Northern portage, the scene of the reputed crime—which is not really a crime at all. The heroine, who loves the hero, there contrives to find cause for engaging herself to marry the villain. But it is the easiest matter in the world for his creator to rid us of him by drowning him at the moment when he is caught trying to conceal the evidences of his guilt, such as it is. And, of course, that makes everything pleasant for everybody concerned, and fits the heroine of the old school to become the happy bride of the hero of the new.

*Azalea.* By Ella W. Peattie. Chicago:  
The Reilly & Britton Co.

This is a charming little story of a girl in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is for youth, and it stands the only true test of such reading. The elders will like it. Mrs. Peattie writes with authority of the wild Carolinas. She paints lovingly the beautiful scenery, understandingly the mountaineers, whether they are the simple, pious folk who farm their acres or the moonshiners who may defy the Government, yet have hearts for their fellow-beings. In telling the tale of a child saved, but so as by fire, from the hard life of a travelling show, she contrives to picture vividly the region, its landscape, figures, and atmosphere. Sombre, even tragic, episodes are introduced, but none which is unwholesome. The air is that of the mountains whence cometh help.

#### THE CLASSICS.

*Loeb Classical Library.* Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. Ten volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net each.

It is proper to say at once that this first instalment of the Loeb Library promises well in a general way for an undertaking which is magnificent in conception and which may, if carried to the end, accomplish a great work. The design, as is well known by this time, is to print the whole body of classical and early Christian literature, Greek and Latin, with an English translation on opposite pages. It appears from the volumes now before us that a few textual notes will be given and occasionally an explanatory note; the latter office, however, is chiefly performed by full indexes, and for these every reader will be highly grateful. Brief, but sufficient, biographical and bibliographical introductions are added. The scheme of the editing is excellent; the needs and taste of the gentleman scholar have been well considered and adequately provided for. And the books are superb cribs! But the fact cannot be overlooked that the physical make-up is not entirely satisfactory. In the

Latin volumes before us the page is fairly good, the paper opaque and the type clear; but four of the five Greek volumes are printed on paper so thin that the type shows through in a manner distressing to the eyes. At any cost to the purchaser, the Greek authors in the future should have fewer pages to the volume, and, as a consequence, thicker paper. The size will, we think, meet with general approval. These are real books, but they are still small enough to be conveniently carried about. One could wish that the binding were a bit less flimsy.

We have dwelt at some length on these physical qualities, because they are really, in a publication of this kind, of the first importance. The books are not intended primarily for professional students of Greek and Latin, and for other readers a clearly printed page will probably mean more than a perfectly accurate text and translation—though these things, too, are desirable.

The ten volumes now issued include Terence (2 vols.), Propertius (1 vol.), St. Augustine's "Confessions" (2 vols.), Euripides (2 vols., to be complete in four), The Apostolic Fathers (1 vol., to be complete in two), Philostratus's "Life of Apollonius of Tyana" (2 vols.); and ten more volumes are promised for December. For the St. Augustine, the editor, Dr. Rouse, has wisely made a reprint of Watts's translation of 1631, with various corrections; the result is excellent. The prose version of Terence, by J. Sargeant, of Westminster School, has caught the spirit of the original capitally; it is in idiomatic English, yet follows the Latin close enough to serve as lexicon and phrase book. In reading through one of the plays we have been particularly struck by the translator's skill in conveying the sense of plainly spoken passages without offence to modern taste. Quite as good is Prof. H. E. Butler's prose rendering of Propertius. We are tempted to copy out a few lines of the *Qualis Thesea*, to show his skill in dealing with what is perhaps the sweetest love-poem in the Latin tongue:

Hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnes.

Molliter impresso conor adire toro;  
Et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent

Hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,  
Subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto  
Osculaque admota sumere avara manu,  
Non tamen ausus eram dominæ turbare quietem.

Expertæ metuens iurgia sævitæ;  
Sed sic intentis hærebam fluxus ocellis,  
Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos.

Not yet were all my senses drowned, and I strove to approach her where she lay, and lightly pressed against her couch. And although a twofold frenzy had laid hold upon me, and the two inexorable gods of wine and love urged on this side and on that, with gentle touch I tried to pass mine

arm about her where she lay, and with outstretched hand take passionate toll of kisses; yet I had not dared to break in upon my mistress's rest (for I feared the bitter chidings of that cruel tongue, so oft endured by me), but fixed my gaze upon her with tireless eyes, even as Argus glared on the strange horned brow of the daughter of Inachus.

This is all good, but the touch in rendering the difficult phrase *oscula . . . manu* is finer than would be expected.

Of the Greek volumes we must speak briefly. Prof. Kirsopp Lake's work on the Apostolic Fathers has been something more than translation. The difficult problems of text and authorship have been treated briefly but authoritatively. F. C. Conybeare's version of the "Apollonius" follows the windings of Philostratus's style with great cleverness and with exquisite knowledge of Hellenic Greek. We think that a fuller system of punctuation in the Greek text would have made it less fatiguing to read, and we have noted several misprints. The letters of Apollonius and the diatribe of Eusebius are added. The Euripides reproduces the verse translation of A. S. Way, with some revision bringing it to conform more closely with the original. Mr. Way's version is in itself good, but we are convinced that for the purpose of this edition a prose rendering is more desirable.

*The Provincial American and Other Papers.* By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Those who inhabit the great wilderness west of the Alleghany Mountains will find a good word of cheer in Mr. Nicholson's essays. On the other hand, certain readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*—to which most of the papers were originally contributed—must have learned with a shock of surprise that one can exist and even be happy far from the refinement and luxury that characterize society in the older commonwealths, such as Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Of course, to men who take their daily walk by Boston Frog Pond or down the Great White Way, it will always seem a strange and a terrible thing to live in Indiana. In the mushroom towns of the Middle West one must dispense, to be sure, with many of those features of a riper civilization which constitute the charm of New England villages. While the cousin on the Atlantic Coast revels in the roads that his great-great-grandfather made, in his one-horse shay, in his wood stoves, dug wells, and kerosene lamps, the Western provincial must put up with the drawbacks of a new country—with paved streets, motor cars, hot-water heat, city water, and electric lights. Yet the buoyant choragus of the Indiana school raises no complaint against the destiny which has cast his

lot in the midst of the vast plain that extends in unbroken solemnity to the foot of the Rockies. He intimates that, while Columbia is rearing her foundlings in the metropolis, it is in the giant cradle ribbed by two mountain ranges that she is rocking the genuine children of the republic.

In his wide neighborhood one does not restrict one's acquaintances to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. One is bred in the tolerant catholic spirit of the American nation, and cannot understand why all the protestant Smiths should not unite in one grand institutional church. One takes a broad outlook and nourishes great designs, brags with his fellow citizens in public, and in private laughs at them and at himself, boasts that he leads the world, and pats himself on the back when he has improved the methods of skimming milk or invented a more rapid buttonhook. Nor is the felicity of the provincial grounded solely upon his material triumphs. Even in Indiana there are memories and traditions; there are exclusive literary clubs and men who take their cue from Matthew Arnold; there is political uplift and poetical progress; there are the bones of heroes and *lacrime rerum*; there are imperishable footprints of Eggleston and Lew Wallace, of Benjamin Harrison and Hendricks, of James Whitcomb Riley and Booth Tarkington and George Ade. Why should an Indiana novelist cry out on the strumpet Fortune? Even in Indiana one may construct castles of card-board, and people them with marionettes, and become a "best-seller," and be translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Who would not wish to be a provincial?

*Tramps through Tyrol: Life, Sport, and Legend.* By Frederick Wolcott Stoddard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.

*Gates of the Dolomites.* By L. Marion Davidson. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

The growing interest in the Dolomite region is reflected in the two volumes before us. Mr. Stoddard's account, while covering the whole of Tyrol, is devoted very largely to those unique peaks which affect the beholder as no other mountains do. In his words,

the Dolomites amaze and enthrall. They are totally unlike any mountains one has seen before, or will ever see again. No two dolomites resemble each other, and it is impossible to describe, intelligently, their infinite variety of form and color. Towers, battlements, obelisks, pinnacles, and the ruined masonry of ancient castles and fortresses appear to surmount the sheer walls, with their fissures and cañons, which rise at times several thousand feet high. Varying lights produce strange transformation scenes among the Dolomites; the ravine becomes a

pinnacle, and the battlement melts into a rocky chasm.

His descriptions of the picturesque valleys enclosed by these wonderful peaks are as attractive as his illustrations, and he has caught the peculiar charm which impresses towns like Bozen and Cortina upon the memory of the traveller. Any one who has looked upon the statue of Walther von der Vogelweide, on the principal square of Bozen, and has seen the Dolomites from the incomparable Erzherzog-Heinrich promenade in Gries (Bozen's suburb) must have felt that Switzerland offers no similar combination of scenic beauty, poetic charm, and, let us add, physical comfort in walking. Only in Austria can you find rose-embowered paths, which zigzag so gently up mountain slopes a thousand feet in height as to give one a sense of walking on the level. Mr. Stoddard has an equally keen eye for the wilder aspects of Tyrolean landscape, whose dangers hold no terrors for him, and he depicts throughout the land and its people with a skilful pen. His account of the Dolomites is a welcome addition to the literature of a region which, first disclosed in 1864 by Gilbert and Churchill, and since made better known by Amelia B. Edwards—among many others—has not yet been sufficiently explored by the Alpine tourist.

Mr. Stoddard's plea for the pronunciation in English of "Tyrol" with the German *o*, in place of the un-euphonious "Tyr-ol," is well worth heeding, and he ought to be universally followed in his omission of "the" before the name of the country. It is to be regretted, however, that even he occasionally adds to the prevailing confusion due to speaking of "the Austrian Tyrol," by referring to "Italian Tyrol" (p. 194) instead of Trentino. Generally accurate as the book is, it is not free from minor mistakes. "Ambras" for Ambras occurs repeatedly, as does "Krona" for Krone. "Field-Marshal Baron von Pidoll," referred to in the preface, is only a "Feldmarschall-Lieutenant" (there is no field-marshal in the Austrian army), nor are there "Grand Dukes" in Austria, while, on the other hand, there are barons in the ranks of the aristocracy, the contrary apparently being implied in the statement on page 22. The admirable map in Mr. Stoddard's volume deserves a special word of praise.

Miss Davidson's book is a minute, chatty, and very useful account of the various approaches to the Dolomites, but the story of her wanderings lacks literary skill, and the proof-reading is so defective as to interfere seriously with one's enjoyment of her glowing accounts of what she has seen. So much enthusiasm for the majestic Grossglockner seems incongruous with the constant misspelling of its name, alternately as

"Grosse Glockner" and "Gross Glöckner," and there are scores of such blemishes as "Salzbourg," "Innsbrück," and "Harpinger" (for Haspinger). The illustrations are inferior to those in Mr. Stoddard's book, but the best of all these reproductions of mountain scenery and village life do not equal in naturalness and simple charm the old-fashioned wood-cuts in such works as "Die österreichisch-ungarische Monarchie in Wort und Bild" (Volume "Tirol und Vorarlberg").

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar in Relation to Contemporary Affairs.* By James Jackson Higginson. Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.50.

The present volume embodies the most searching analysis that has yet been made of the various problems which are raised by Spenser's poem, and if the results are more largely negative than the author is willing to admit, this is due to the meagreness of the data rather than to any want of industry or acumen on his part. The book, however, is marred by the writer's singular ignorance of a fact of capital importance in the poet's life during the period under consideration—namely, that he was in 1578 private secretary to John Young, Bishop of Rochester. We should have thought that all Spenserian students were familiar with the most important finds of our generation relating to the poet—those which were described by Dr. Israel Gollancz in a paper read before the British Academy on November 29, 1907. One of these finds was Spenser's own copy of the "Faerie Queene" containing, among other things in the author's handwriting, an early draft of the first sonnet in the "Amoretti"; the other was a collection of books of travel bound together which formerly belonged to Gabriel Harvey, one item in the collection, "The Traveller of Ierome Turler," bearing on its title-page in Harvey's handwriting the following statement: *Ex dono Edmundi Spenserij, Episcopi Roffensis Secretarij, 1578.* Before this simple fact the whole elaborate structure of Mr. Higginson's interpretation of the tale of the Shepherd Roffy or Roffynn, his dog Lowder, and the Wolf, in the September eclogue virtually crumbles to pieces. The discovery makes it plain that Grosart was right in identifying the shepherd with Young, Bishop of Rochester, who had previously been Master of Pembroke Hall (Spenser's own college) at Cambridge. The key to this obscure allegory then must be sought in Young's life and not in Lord North's attempted spoliation of Bishop Cox.

Ignorance of the above-mentioned

phase of Spenser's career again vitiates to a considerable extent the author's discussion of the poet's biography during the years 1576-1580, for this discussion is based on the assumption that Spenser remained in the vicinity of Cambridge from the time that he left the University until he made the acquaintance of Sidney or Leicester. Still further, Spenser's relations to Young have a direct bearing on Mr. Higginson's theory in regard to the poet's supposed bitter hostility towards Anglicanism. The fact that Spenser was a Puritan in his views—at least, in his early life—is not open to serious question; but would a thoroughgoing Anglican like Young have appointed the poet to so confidential a position as that of private secretary, if the views of the latter had been so extreme as our author assumes? It is to be remembered that Young had been master of Spenser's college through the whole seven years of the poet's residence there, so that he could not possibly have been ignorant of Spenser's opinions in matters of religious doctrine and church government. These considerations weaken measurably the force of Mr. Higginson's otherwise very plausible argument regarding the May and September eclogues, that the identification of the objects of the poet's attacks with the Catholics, which we find in E. K.'s commentary, was merely a blind, these attacks being really aimed at the Anglican clergy. It seems to us most probable that Spenser was not denouncing the Anglican clergy *per se*, but merely those who perpetuated what he and his fellow-Puritans conceived to be the characteristic abuses of the old Catholic régime. We meet with such invectives against corruptions of the priesthood in every period of the history of the Christian Church, and it is to be remembered that at the time that the "Shepherd's Calendar" was written the distinction between Catholic and Anglican was not so sharply defined as later on.

As regards the interpretation of the February eclogue, the fable of the Oak and the Briar, as a covert attack on Burghley for his share in the execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572, we confess that this interpretation does not seem to us to stand on any better footing than the somewhat similar one of E. A. Greenlaw, which the author rejects. To start with, one may ask, if, as Mr. Higginson supposes, Spenser was afraid to circulate after September 27, 1579 (the date of the Queen's proclamation against John Stubbs on account of a pamphlet criticising the French marriage), his disguised attack on Burghley contained in "Mother Hubbard's Tale," why should he not have been afraid, on December 5, to license such an attack on the same minister in his February eclogue? Apart from this

consideration, we see no analogy whatever between Spenser's fable and the Norfolk affair. In what sense did the most powerful man in the kingdom, who continued Elizabeth's chief Minister for more than twenty-five years after Norfolk's downfall, resemble the weak briar which withered after the husbandman had felled the oak against which it complained? The truth is that there is no tittle of evidence that the fable of this second eclogue has any allegorical significance whatever. Mr. Higginson urges against Mr. Greenlaw that where Spenser's satire is ecclesiastical, the object of attack is not left in doubt. But in the "Shepherd's Calendar" the only certain satire is directed against the Church, so that if in the February eclogue no satirical intention is indicated by the poet, and such an intention is indeed expressly disclaimed by his commentator, there is no reason to believe that any is present. One notes in this case, as throughout the work, a tendency which, under German influence, is becoming dangerously common in the productions of American scholarship—namely, to accept elaborated fancy as fact.

Despite the above strictures, we do not wish to deny that this is a treatise of decided ability. The biographical part, especially, possesses, on the whole, an unquestionable value. We may not agree with the writer that Rosalind was merely a patroness of the poet, or that Spenser, Sidney, and their friends ever really organized a literary club, but we believe that he has defined accurately the relations of the poet to Sidney and Leicester. Of particular interest is his convincing argument that Leicester had nothing to do with the poet's appointment as secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton in Ireland. The book, in fine, is one which all Spenser students should welcome.

*Historical Sociology.* By Frank Granger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Professor Granger calls his latest work a "Textbook of Politics." Sociology is the theory of human fellowship, and politics is becoming more and more its bond servant. A primary need of the student of sociology is to acquaint himself with the best means of determining the facts of his science. Speculations based upon insufficient data are, we are told, the bane of modern politics, because, owing to the greater readiness of modern executives, they often lead to action. And action without careful consideration of the whole of the facts leads to consequences which are usually in part disastrous.

The course of modern politics precludes our dismissing such statements as these as mere truisms. Professor Granger, indeed, is not unwarranted in

asserting that "we must rediscover for ourselves the significance of the obvious." His present work is a real aid in accomplishing this task. It is agreeable reading; it is far from being a vehicle for preconceived ideas; it is crowded with observations, many of them exceptionally acute, gathered from all ages and all climates. Much that he says brings to mind the statement of a distinguished American some years ago, that the task of science is largely to reverse the appearance of things.

Sociology is both a synthetic and a positive science. On the one hand, there is the positive increase in knowledge which takes place when discoveries are made. On the other hand, our knowledge is increased when we set in better order what is already known, and draw conclusions from it. Indeed, the value of the study of sociology is only vindicated when we can use it to draw new and fruitful conclusions. To confine one's self to the positive side of sociology is the mark of a rationalist. He arranges facts and forms inferences from them in their isolation from man, and thus leaves out the special factors which are introduced by man's individual character. Since man not only lives in the world, but makes it and judges it, no merely positive interpretation of social life can be adequate. For it leaves out of account all judgments of value. Sociology sets up a standard of value, therefore, by which it measures things. As metaphysics sets up the standard of the "real," as logic sets up the standard of the "consistent," so sociology sets up the standard of the "conscious individual." Sociology, then, is the study of social facts in the light of mental and moral science; that is, in the light of our knowledge of man as a conscious and moral being.

The present work is concerned not only with the constitution of the groups which go together to make up the huge societies of men which we call nations: it also considers the chief motives which lead to changes, to reforms, and to revolutions. That is, it falls naturally into two parts, one treating of sociological statics, the other of sociological dynamics. Professor Granger's hope is that, by explaining the past, we may be able, using the same methods, to forecast some of the probable events of the future.

He takes care to add, however, that, though reform and change are part of life, they are at any moment the lesser part. And attention is called to the fact that, unfortunately, it was the characteristic of Comte, and of some of his English followers, notably Herbert Spencer, to dwell upon general resemblances almost to the disregard of specific differences, this method being really the essence of what Comte called the positive philosophy. If stress is laid rather upon the process of generaliza-

tion than upon the opposite process of specification, you will be sure to go from what is less general to what is more general, until you find yourself with theories so wide that they are painfully thin and unfruitful. On these lines Spencer gradually reduced all phenomena to examples of the persistence of force, leaving no room for genius in his scheme.

Genius may be regarded as the first great modification which we must make in the notion of evolution, so far as it is applied to human society. It is not true, declares Professor Granger, that heredity involves a narrow range of variation as we pass from each generation to the next. The characteristic of each individual reproduces the characteristics of the parent in proportions that may differ very widely in each family. And the range of variation is so great that, from time to time, there arises what is equivalent to a fresh type. Man is the highest of living beings. And at the same time he exhibits the greatest range of variation. This may be expressed by saying that the difference between one human being and another is often equivalent to the difference between one species and another. The term "genius" is the name for this difference carried to a very high degree. The attempt of some sociologists to explain human society, without taking account of genius in this sense, renders barren much that passes for serious work.

Here we have the fundamentals on which the present interesting and suggestive work is built up. Into the structure is wrought material of a highly diversified character. Yet the prevailing note is one of unity. Though we are not told in Wordsworth's phrase that "the child is father to the man," such an implication meets us throughout this book—we feel that the generations of mankind are bound each to each by natural piety. Transformation is the product of genius, using the term as defined by Professor Granger. Genius, as he aptly declares, works upon the margin which separates the known from the unknown, the already done from the possible future, the tradition from the inspiration which nobly embodies the desires of a people. Hence genius is always surprising those who are merely content with the past.

The importance of this interpretation of genius to sociology is nowhere more clearly seen than in the study of the art of war. Napoleon's maxim, that the only right way of learning the science of war is to read and re-read the campaigns of the great captains, shows how his mind worked on the boundary line between the tried and the untried: how each problem came before him already partly solved, so that he could concentrate himself upon the unsolved parts of the problem. Even more to the point

is this: "Our national lack of system means that genius has to devote itself to details which ought to be delegated to others, and cripples our commanders, so that they usually fight at a disadvantage." The relation of genius to its circumstances is, in a word, the key to the understanding of human history. The preacher of religion, the statesman, the social reformer in all his shapes, will be tested by their power of uniting a past which is worth keeping to a future which is worth making.

The work concludes with a note of hope. Though signs of degeneracy are plentiful, this can largely be checked by moral effort. The methods and results of eugenics are open to criticism, because, for the most part, they leave out of account the moral effort; that is to say, eugenics, as ordinarily interpreted, remains at the "positive" stage, and is therefore out of line with a complete sociological method. The Socialism of the doctrinaire followers of Karl Marx is open to the same criticism. Their incapacity to treat social life in its fulness—in its religion, its slowly acquired freedom, its wholesome traditions—makes them very doubtful guides. But there is hope in the synthetic method of treating the problem of human fellowship—not, however, in the synthetic method that would build up from the presumed foundation of things in the conservation of energy. Man in his actual life cannot be interpreted from barren economics such as that of Marx, which leaves out of account the history of human religion and human marriage.

## Notes

Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, has made a thorough revision of his work, "The Family," which he plans to publish early next year, through Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Prof. W. H. Schofield has prepared for publication a series of lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne, while Harvard exchange professor, in 1911. The volume bears the title "Chivalry in English Literature," and will be issued by Harvard University on November 25.

The Columbia University Press has undertaken the publication of a new series, to be known as Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. It will supplant the present two separate publications, *Studies in English* and *Studies in Comparative Literature*. A forthcoming work in the new series is "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750," by Elizabeth Christine Cook, Ph.D., promised for late in this month.

The Columbia University Press will also publish Sir Gilbert Murray's lectures delivered at the University last spring, "Four Stages of Greek Religion"; "Tiglath Pileser III," by Abraham S. Anspacher, and "Vasava Latta, a Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu," by Louis N. Gray.

Reginald Wright Kauffman has nearly completed his forthcoming book, "Judith Kent, Freewoman," which will appear shortly, with the imprint of Moffat, Yard & Co.

A new book by Harry Vardon, on "How to Play Golf," will be brought out by George W. Jacobs Co.

M. Rolland is just finishing his "Jean-Christophe," and will give to this concluding portion of the ten volumes the title "La Fin du voyage." The American edition, which Holt will issue, will be in one volume of three parts, called, respectively, "The Friends," "The Burning Bush," and "Journey's End."

"The Casual Ward: Academic and Other Oddments," is the title chosen by Mr. A. D. Godley, Public Orator to the University of Oxford, for a book of essays and verses. Smith & Elder are bringing it out.

What promises to be an attractive book is "The English Fireplace and Its Accessories from the Earliest Times to the Nineteenth Century," which L. A. Shuffrey publishes shortly through B. T. Batsford.

Dr. Colin Campbell is the author of the forthcoming book, "The Miraculous Birth of King Amen-hotep III, his Coronation and Osirification," which contains, besides, a description of the New Year procession from Karnak to Luxor and back. Oliver & Boyd are the publishers.

Henry Frowde will soon add to the series of Oxford Standard Authors "The Pageant of English Prose," a companion volume to "The Pageant of English Poetry," and, like the latter, edited by R. M. Leonard.

A timely publication, in view of the recent award of the Nobel prize for literature, is Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, "Atlantis," which is issued this week by B. W. Huebsch.

M. Pierre Loti's latest book, "Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient," comes this week from the Macmillan press.

The second annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English will be held in Chicago, November 28-30.

*Larousse Menuel Illustré* is a unique and valuable publication, the only encyclopaedic periodical. The number for November contains a condensed summary of the events from September 12 to October 14, and much information by different contributors on a great variety of subjects of present interest, historic, literary, biographic, and especially scientific. A long article on wood-eating insects is illustrated by two large colored plates, and there are 153 pictures, including many portraits.

A volume of humor is almost certain to be more entertaining as a reference book than as steady reading. This is the case with "Artemus Ward's Best Stories" (Harper), which is edited by Clifton Johnson, with an introduction by W. D. Howells, and illustrations by Frank A. Nankivell. Mr. Howells confesses to misgivings over the enterprise, and contrasts the humor of Browne, to give him his real name, with that of another by remarking that Browne felt bound, first of all, to make you laugh, while Mark Twain might first wish to make you feel. Yet here and there he finds in the work of the lesser man "a sweetness, a gentleness, a fineness in the humor, and

the quaint unexpectedness of its turns, which is not surpassed by anything that Clemens did." Artemus Ward "overjoyed his generation" at least, and rendered genuine service by the delight which he gave Lincoln in the President's harassed hours.

"Who's Who in Dickens" is, as further described on the title-page, "a complete Dickens repertory in Dickens's own words." The characters of the novels are listed alphabetically, with brief extracts to identify them. The book is compiled by Thomas Alexander Fyfe and published by Doran.

The appearance, simultaneously, of "A Study of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven" (Lane), by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., and "Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet, with Notes on Some of His Works" (Preston: Alfred Halewood), by John Thomson, witnesses to the steady interest in that late poet and essayist. The former volume furnishes the text of Thompson's most celebrated poem, together with a two-fold interpretation—literal and mystic. The latter small volume will be read, we fancy, not so much for its own flattering judgments as for the critical estimates of Thompson which are reprinted from numerous periodicals, and for instructive anecdotes. No one will soon forget the picture of Thompson, "clad—winter and summer alike—in a brown cloak, or ulster, and with a basket, like a fish basket, slung around his shoulders. In this he used to carry the books he had to review." One of his colleagues on the *Academy*, for which he wrote, tells of how unbusinesslike he was:

His copy (always written on pages torn from penny exercise books) came pretty regularly, but it was almost impossible to get him to return proofs. Neither imploring letters nor peremptory telegrams availed. Then he would walk in, calmly produce from his basket or wonderful pockets a mass of galleys, and among them, as likely as not, two or three telegrams unopened.

Thirty years of service with sketch-book and pencil on the battlefields of three continents are summarized in the late Melton Prior's "Campaigns of a War Correspondent" (Longmans). Mr. Prior was not a correspondent strictly speaking. He drew pictures for the *Illustrated London News*, which is evidently a more hazardous occupation than writing word descriptions, since the search for draughtsman's detail brings a man closer to the firing line. At least it did in the case of Mr. Prior. His experiences began with the Ashanti campaign of 1873 and ended, so far as the present volume is concerned, with the war in Manchuria. Actually, the Russo-Japanese war brought him no experiences. With other war correspondents Mr. Prior was kept dangling at Tokio by a rigorous censorship during the first period of the war, and though ultimately allowed to go to the front was not allowed to see any real fighting. In disappointment he sailed for England. The present account is written in plain, unpretending fashion, and with more than the ordinary British imperturbability. Still, during the Zulu campaign, when his sketch book with weeks of labor in it was lost, Mr. Prior did throw himself on the ground and break into tears. It was in this campaign that Napoleon III's son lost his life. Mr. Prior and Archibald Forbes found the body after the Zulus had stripped it

naked. He was with the Turkish armies in 1877-78, and grew very fond of the Sultan's people. What he has to say of Bulgarian atrocities during this war, as well as his experiences with the Christian rebels in Herzegovina, shows that rapine and massacre in the Balkans are not a monopoly of Islam.

The avowed purpose of "Tripoli and Young Italy," by Charles Lapworth and Helen Zimmern (London: Stephen Swift & Co.), is to justify Italy's course in making war upon Turkey. For the bulk of the work Mr. Lapworth is apparently responsible, and one readily gains the impression that he is presenting a semi-official brief on behalf of the Italian Government, which naturally seeks to place its cause in the most favorable light. In the opinion of Mr. Lapworth, Italy has been unjustly condemned by her critics. He contends that this was not a war of capitalists, but one based on an urgent political necessity involving Italy's very existence as a nation and as a Power to be respected. She had, he declares, either to establish her right in the Mediterranean or be encompassed by what he calls an "iron ring," forged by Germany and other Powers which sought territory in North Africa. He also asserts that Italy could no longer tolerate the persecution of her countrymen in Tripoli; that her right to the country had been acknowledged for many years by England and France; and there were good reasons to believe that Italy would be forestalled by another Power (meaning Germany) "if she hesitated a moment longer."

There has been a reawakening of the national spirit in Young Italy, says Mr. Lapworth. Social and economic reforms have been effected, and "the people feel that at last their country will take its rightful place as a great Power, and that there will now be room for the population to expand under the Italian flag without having to emigrate and serve under foreign taskmasters." There are chapters about Tripoli, its commercial value and future, if Italian plans do not fail; a discussion of political, economic, and intellectual Italy, and a presentation of her attitude towards the rest of Europe. The book is illustrated and has a map of Tripoli. Incidentally, the accusations of butchery and treachery on the part of the Italian soldiers are refuted.

The name of the author is sufficient guarantee of the authority of "Fire Prevention," by Edward F. Croker, ex-Chief of the Fire Department of New York city (Dodd, Mead). The value, in any case, of a volume in this field from his pen is enhanced by the fact that it was written for the general reader, who has been neglected by writers on this subject. While the bulk of the book is devoted to considerations of protection for lives and buildings in cities, due attention is paid to prevention of fire in dwellings and in small towns. The introduction is an unanswerable indictment of our present methods of construction. "If I had my way about it," Mr. Croker affirms, "I would not permit a piece of wood as big as a man's finger to be used in the construction of any building in the United States which had a ground area larger than 25x50 feet and was more than three stories in height." He is no less emphatic

in regard to means of safety for persons employed in buildings. Future construction, he holds, must be of a type which will make the choice of instantaneous exit or death unnecessary. Fire escapes cannot insure safety. The building must be so constructed "that the flames may be confined to a limited area within which to burn themselves out, consuming only that part of the contents which cannot be removed to safety behind doors and partitions which will resist fire as effectively as the walls themselves." In both the range of its topics and their manner of treatment the book is a notable contribution to what almost deserves to be called a new science. It should be widely read, for its perusal must do much to bring about the improved conditions for which it pleads. It is well supplied with apt photographs of fire-fighting and apparatus, and has a good index.

A new edition of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Our House and the People in It" (Houghton Mifflin) contains fifteen illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and has in consequence undergone a transformation of title into "Our House and London Out of Our Windows." It is hardly necessary to say that these sketches are not only a delight in themselves, but they have an appropriateness which can be asserted of few pictures that are intended to adorn a tale. Most of them, as one would expect, show London as through a glass, darkly. The text is apparently unaltered. A redipping into it confirms the favorable opinion of this account of servants and acquaintances, good and bad, but mainly bad, expressed in the *Nation* November 24, 1910.

Prof. James Seth's new book, "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy" (Dutton) is the first number forthcoming of what promises to be an important series of *The Channels of English Literature*, and its purpose is to present English philosophy as literature. It has been remarked that, while French philosophers have been for the most part mathematicians and physicists, and the Germans theologians or university professors, the more conspicuous of the English philosophers have nearly all been men of affairs. Thus it happens that, not only is the style of English philosophy characterized by the absence of severity and technicality (in the words of Mr. Seth), but the interest is nearly always close to the immediate issues of life. And it is not too much to say that "English philosophy is entitled to be called literature in a sense in which the philosophy of perhaps no other nation has the same right to the name," or that it includes many names of those who deserve to rank among the masters of English prose. To a student of philosophy it is always incomprehensible how a course in English literature can omit, for example, such a vividly personal document as Berkeley's "Principles"; or how a student of English can appreciate the full power of his language who has not read Hobbes. If he desires a problem in the complication of motives—well, all philosophy, not French, is a complication of motives, and in English philosophy he may find a nice problem in Berkeley, a more evident but still very interesting one in J. S. Mill. In the field of literary criticism he will find nothing much finer than Martineau, nor, perhaps, Mr. Seth dissenting, a better illustration of the possibilities

of combining grace and refinement with scientific precision in the use of the English tongue.

Of Mr. Seth's book it should be said that the purpose has been kept well in mind. The book is long enough for a leisurely treatment, not so long as to be burdensome. The style is finished and careful, and the text is skilfully interwoven with quotations by means of which, in the case of the more important philosophers, the reader acquires insensibly a taste of their style. More to the point is his catholicity of insight, which is the more commendable because the prevailing empiricism of English philosophy is hardly in line with his own point of view. He is clearly mindful of the fact that every system of philosophy, however impersonal in form, is the expression of a meaning deeply personal, and his book is an illustration of the statement that philosophy thus interpreted is literature. On the other hand, it is a gain to see that English philosophy is not so blankly empirical as it is commonly represented to be. And in the light of the past it is interesting to read his summary of present tendencies, as exemplified in pragmatism and "the new realism." "In all of them alike we may see the effect, somewhat paralyzing, of the great scientific movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century upon the philosophical mind of the English-speaking race."

"The Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America, 1731-1769," has been edited by Charles Henry Lincoln and published in two volumes by Macmillan. During the last ten or fifteen years American scholars have devoted themselves with commendable zeal and excellent scholarship to exploiting the unprinted sources which throw light on the Imperial side of our colonial and revolutionary history. The result is to be seen in a rapidly increasing list of publications, both of documentary material and of monographic studies. To this new material, the correspondence of Shirley is a useful addition. The collection consists mainly of letters of Shirley to the Duke of Newcastle and to officials in other colonies; but some letters from Mrs. Shirley to the Duke of Newcastle, some from the Duke of Newcastle to Shirley, and some instructions to Shirley, have been included. Altogether the two volumes contain about 450 documents, most of which have not been printed before. The great majority of the letters have to do with the military events of the two wars in which Shirley was so actively engaged. So far as details go, they increase our knowledge of these events considerably, and they confirm what is already known of the difficulty of obtaining effective coöperation among the colonies for any scheme of general defence. They have rather less to say than might be expected about contraband trade, but they have a good deal to say about the neglected and very important subject of paper money, which is a subject that awaits an investigator. These letters make it clear that while the paper-money legislation of the colonies often discriminated against English creditors, there was a real need for such currency, a need which was recognized by Shirley and Colden, among others, and by the English Government itself prior to the adoption of Grenville's short-

sighted policy. Shirley discusses at length the question of Indian policy. Of the necessity of dealing with the unoccupied lands from the point of view of Imperial defence and Indian relations, he was fully aware, and his letters as early as 1755 suggested the policy which was afterwards embodied in the Proclamation of 1763.

"Pure democracy," declares a former president of Princeton, in a volume recently come from the press, "cannot subsist long nor be carried far into the departments of State; it is very subject to caprice and the madness of popular rage. . . . The multitude are very apt to trust a man who serves them well with such power that he is able to make them serve him." The author of these unprogressive sentiments was not debarred by them from advancement in either New Jersey or national politics; but that was above a century and a quarter ago. The words quoted were written by President Witherspoon, sixth head of the College, member of the Continental Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose "Lectures on Moral Philosophy" have this year been reprinted with an historical introduction and notes by Prof. V. L. Collins (Princeton University Press). The volume represents the first fruits of a plan, initiated by the American Philosophical Association, to obtain the publication or republication of the writings of early American philosophers. It is proposed that the works selected by a committee of the Association be published by the institutions with which the authors were connected. The present book is the memorial of a somewhat untoward event in the intellectual history of America. President Witherspoon did much to strengthen Princeton, and to give to it a commanding educational influence throughout the Middle and Southern States; but he also made the Scottish philosophy of common sense the official Princeton doctrine. "On his arrival" from Scotland, in 1768, says Professor Collins, "he found the tutors and thinking men in the College eagerly supporting the idealism of Berkeley, and upon them he mercilessly fell with argument and ridicule until he had driven Berkeleyanism out of Nassau Hall." For it he substituted the doctrine of Reid, "which, for the next twenty-five years, he was to hammer home, and so firmly entrenched on the congenial soil of the New World that, in its general features, at least, it became not only the traditional philosophy of the Princeton School, but, in the opinion of many thinkers, preëminently the philosophy of America." But the doctrine of the Scotch School, however judicious and edifying, was scarcely productive of openness of mind or boldness in thinking; it operated, in the main, especially in its American form, as a sedative to the spirit of inquiry. "Common sense" has seldom been the motto under which the great triumphs of science or of speculation have been won. The dominance of the ideas introduced chiefly by Witherspoon meant the death of certain tendencies which had begun to appear at Columbia, at Philadelphia, and in Virginia and Kentucky—tendencies which, though they may not have been doctrinally more sound, had in them more of the breath of intellectual life. This little volume thus recalls the beginning of an influence which did much to keep the

American intellect lethargic, if not asleep, for more than a generation.

James Quay Howard, a writer, and for the past fifteen years one of the assistant librarians of Congress, died in Washington on Friday, aged seventy-five. Shortly after Lincoln's nomination Mr. Howard went to Springfield, Ill., where, after personal conferences with Lincoln, he obtained material for a campaign life, which was the first biography of Lincoln ever published. Later Mr. Howard wrote the official campaign life of Rutherford B. Hayes. He was also the author of a "History of the Louisiana Purchase," in which he gave Robert R. Livingston and not Jefferson the credit for the achievement.

## Science

### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WORCESTER, Mass., November 13.

The autumn meeting of the Academy was held at New Haven on November 12 and 13. The beautiful new Sloane Physics Laboratory of Yale University furnished an excellent place for the meeting, and the arrangements provided by the local committee were admirable. About fifty members were in attendance and twenty-one papers were read, nearly all having to do with geological or biological subjects.

William M. Davis, of Harvard University, in a paper entitled "Physiographic Evidence in Favor of the Subsidence Theory of Coral Reefs," gave arguments for a theory which was proposed fifty or sixty years ago by Dana, but which has received scant attention by naturalists since that time. In the case of a mountainous island surrounded by a barrier reef it may be possible that the reef grows laterally without subsidence or by upward growth upon a sinking mass. By looking at the reef it may be impossible to distinguish between these two cases, and, in default of zoölogical evidence, Professor Davis suggests that the physiographic evidence obtained by looking at the mountain seems to show subsidence. The case of a mountain with a radial pattern of ridges alternating with bays giving a star shaped shore line seems to be beyond production by marine erosion, which would produce vertical cliffs. But ordinary erosion of the land would produce the radial valleys, and the submergence of the whole pattern would give the indented shore line. For instance, Greece has bays with a wash of gravel which has come down from the mountains. In coral islands the absence of wash shows a continuous sinking, as in the theory of Darwin and Dana. The question why the valleys are not continued under the sea is answered by the explanation that they have been filled up by the growth of the coral after submergence.

William B. Scott, of Princeton Uni-

versity, in a paper on "Restorations of Tertiary Mammals," gave an interesting explanation of the process, so mysterious to the layman, by which the palæontologist is able to reproduce the appearance of extinct animals. Having disposed of the popular idea that the naturalist from one bone can reconstruct the whole animal, he stated that any restoration must be founded on a virtually complete skeleton. The number of these is few, but is constantly increasing. It is a simple matter to put the muscles on the skeleton, as all leave indications on the bones. It is more difficult to decide whether the animal did or did not possess hair, and what its color was. Nevertheless, we now know that the color design is almost always such as to cause the animal to be invisible in its ordinary surroundings. This would generally be attained by longitudinal stripes which were often later broken up into spotted patterns. The fawns of all deer are still spotted, showing that deer were spotted until recently. As a result of these principles, Professor Scott showed numerous very life-like illustrations, which he compared with some of those produced under the direction of Professor Osborn, the two sets displaying decided similarity.

Henry F. Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, in a paper on "Geologic Correlation of Upper Palæolithic Faunas of Europe and America," described a recent visit to the palæolithic caverns of Italy, the south of France, and Spain. All these caverns contain most interesting drawings, about 4,000 in all, of palæolithic animals of the upper pleistocene, such as the mammoth, the lion, the horse, ass, and ibex. These caverns in the limestone are sometimes half a mile in depth, and are frequently entered with great difficulty through a very narrow opening. The outlines of these pictures were cut in the stone and the surface then colored, showing that, although the caves were formed by the action of water, they have been free from water since the drawings were made. In one newly discovered cave there have been found two small clay statuettes of bisons showing fingerprints of palæolithic man on the clay. These drawings, executed at least 25,000 years ago, were by no means of the rough sort made by children, but were most artistically executed and, as shown in a number of lantern-slides, produced a profound impression of the development of skill in man of that remote time.

Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, in a paper "On the Fertilization of the Egg of Invertebrates with Blood," described some of the ways in which artificial parthenogenesis may be brought about. An egg may be artificially fertilized by the production of a fertilization membrane formed on its exterior by the aid of acids, bases,

glucosides, or other reagents used in bacteriology. The egg is put in the medium for a time, and when set back in sea water will develop, but a second treatment with the reagent is generally necessary. Among the agencies that may be used is blood, which even when diluted 500 times will fertilize the eggs of the sea urchin. The blood of any foreign species, particularly of mammals, is efficacious. At first only about one in ten of the eggs would develop, but it was found that the use of chloride of strontium or barium makes the egg sensitive to the action of the blood. It is important to note that the fertilization membrane can be called forth by the blood of a foreign animal, but not of the animal itself; otherwise all animals would be parthenogenic. The explanation of this is contained in the physical property of diffusion, that is to say, two different solutions can diffuse into each other through a membrane, while two similar ones cannot; thus, the foreign blood can diffuse into the egg, while the blood of the animal itself cannot. It is to be noted that the offspring of parthenogenesis is always male. The question arises whether what has been stated is true of other species as well as for the sea urchin. As a matter of fact, the refractory eggs of certain molluscs were successfully treated with ox blood, and Dr. Loeb concludes that in the blood of all animals there is a substance causing fertilization membranes and subsequent development.

Edwin G. Conklin, of Princeton University, treated the problem of "Cell Division and Differentiation"—that is, the question: How does the simple egg cell become the complicated structure of the adult? This is the meaning of the term differentiation. In the first place, it is shown that the egg is not entirely homogeneous, but that it contains a variety of materials capable of forming the different body structures, even before division begins, from which materials the different parts of the adult develop. In the process of division the cell first splits into two, each of which again divides, and so on, until there are hundreds of cells. If the egg does not divide, we do not get much differentiation. In the cell division we have the different materials segregated in different cells, the partition between the cells being impervious to the different substances. The nucleus of the egg also divides, sending out diffusing streams, which cause the different substances in the cell to mix. Those in the surface layer, on the contrary, do not mix, so that differentiation begins at the periphery. When a cell is formed with no partitions there is a large mixing, but when there is a partition the different substances can-

not mix through it, and differentiation takes place. This is tested by preventing the cell division. Each nucleus then divides, but the partition does not form, and there is no differentiation.

Charles B. Davenport, of the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution, in a paper entitled "Heredity of Skin Color in Negro-White Crosses," examines the question whether the mixture of negroes and whites is an exception to Mendel's law, since in this case we have a blending of the characteristics rather than separation of the characteristics of the parents in the descendants. The method of the investigation was to send tactful field workers to ascertain accurately the parentage, while the color of the skin is carefully determined by matching it to the hue of a color-mixing top. The skins of 700 offspring were measured, as also those of the parents. Inasmuch as the color changes with the age, it is necessary to make an allowance for this. Observations were made in Bermuda, where there are two classes of blacks, the descendants of the Senegambians being darker than those of the Gold Coast. It turns out that when two mulattoes are crossed the offspring varies much more than in the first generation, clear whites appearing as well as dark skins. In eighty-one offspring of mulattoes there were five whites, which is almost exactly the one-sixteenth demanded by Mendel's law if there are four factors for black. The whole population being plotted and compared with the calculated expectation gives a surprising agreement with the theory of heredity.

Franz Boas, of Columbia University, in a paper on "New Data on the Influence of Heredity and Environment Upon the Bodily Form of Man," continues in a different manner the study which he has hitherto made of the physical characteristics of the children of immigrants. Just as a tall father and short mother produce children who tend to be more variable than when the parents are alike, so by examining the population of any region where two types overlap we should expect to find increased variability in the intermediate region. In northern Italy we find a short-headed type, while in southern Italy we find a long-headed or Mediterranean type. Thus we have low variability in the north and south, with high variability in the central region. We also find the Mediterranean type on the Ligurian coast, which is near the Alps, where the other type exists, while between is the region of high variability.

Ernest W. Brown, of Yale University, presented a paper on "The Problem of the Asteroids." There are about eight hundred of these small bodies,

mostly lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, many of them too small to be seen unless their position is known with considerable accuracy. This prediction of position is a problem of great mathematical difficulty, and whereas most of the planets and their satellites give rise to mathematically similar cases of the problem of three bodies, the asteroids belong to several entirely different cases, and thus constitute, so to speak, the laboratory of the student of celestial mechanics. In most cases the orbit of the asteroid, which is not a closed curve, is not even very near to being a circle. If we find the average orbit of all the asteroids we see that they occupy a belt of a certain diameter, and that then there is a gap containing few asteroids, then another belt, a second gap, and then a belt. Comparing the period of Jupiter with those of the asteroids, Professor Brown suggests that there is a phenomenon similar to that of *resonance*, by which the cumulative action of Jupiter causes a large oscillation in the radius vector of the asteroid, and that this large oscillation gives rise to a change of period in the asteroid. Saturn may produce a similar phenomenon. The existence of the gaps is undoubtedly due to the same causes as those producing the gaps in Saturn's rings, which are known to be composed of swarms of small satellites.

Robert W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, contributed the only physical papers, three in number. In describing some results obtained with the most powerful spectrograph in the world, he showed the construction of the apparatus at his summer laboratory at Easthampton, where a large flat diffraction grating five inches square, ruled with seventy-five thousand lines in all, gives him a powerful resolution, while a lens of forty feet focus gives a high dispersion. The grating and lens are mounted on a column out of doors, while the slit and camera are indoors, and the tube is made of wood protected by a narrow roof. Samples of the work of the grating in the resolution of the green mercury line were shown, which compared favorably with the work of the echelon grating and the interference methods now so popular. It even seems likely that with gratings of the goodness of those now obtainable the grating may once more take its place as the most accurate instrument for wave-length determinations.

In a second paper on the possibility of photographing molecules, Professor Wood suggested that this apparently impossible result may be accomplished by the methods of ultramicroscopy. The principle of this method is that of illuminating a small body in a perfectly black field, all the extra light being carried away by total reflection at the surface of a prism on which the small body lies. By diffraction from the small ob-

ject an image is obtained, and Professor Wood believes that a molecule might be photographed if a sufficiently long exposure were given. It will be necessary to find a substance which fluoresces strongly in ultraviolet light, and to secure the molecules in a solid solution, such as a layer of celluloid.

The members of the Academy enjoyed the hospitality of the local members at a dinner at the new Taft Hotel, and of Yale University at a reception given by President and Mrs. Hadley in the art galleries of the University.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Among the science books shortly to be published by the Columbia University Press are the following: "Graphical Methods," by Carl Runge, professor of applied mathematics in the University of Göttingen, and three volumes of the Studies in Cancer and Allied Subjects—Vol. I, "The Study of Experimental Cancer, a Review," by William H. Woglom; Vol. III, "Studies from the Departments of Zoology, Surgery, Clinical Pathology, and Biological Chemistry," and Vol. IV, "Contributions to the Anatomy and Development of the Salivary Glands in the Mammalia." Vol. II, "Pathology" has already been issued.

The Congress of Americanists, which met this year in London, has accepted the invitation to hold the next meeting in Washington, in 1914, probably in September; and a permanent committee has been formed to make preparations. The sessions of the Congress will take place in the new building of the National Museum. A second session, following that in Washington, will convene at La Paz, Bolivia.

"The Tyne," the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for November, by A. J. Sargent, is a suggestive study of the geography of a region in which is shown the correlation of three sets of facts, the geological, topographical, and economic, and also the relation of man to his environment, which has led to an extraordinary concentration of industry. Dr. Carl Lumholtz gives an account of the Sonora Desert of Mexico and the Papago Indians. Notwithstanding the scarcity of rain, the soil is in places extremely fertile, and will doubtless "some day delight the eye with waving fields of grain and orchards of fruit." Prof. A. J. Herbertson, of Oxford, shows, with sketch-maps, the way in which the thermal conditions of the earth's surface can be represented for the use of geographers.

Among the noteworthy contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for October are an account of a Danish expedition through Iceland by its leader, Capt. J. P. Koch, a report of his recent explorations in the Pamirs by A. v. Schultz, and the proposals for the construction of airship maps made by the cartographical commission of the International Aeronautic Federation. In the military department are described the new fortifications on the Italian-Swiss frontier and their significance, and the railway system and fortifications of Serbia. There is also an account of a projected naval port on the southern coast of Korea. If the plans of the Japanese Marine Department are carried out, in ten years Chinhae will be the greatest naval port in eastern Asia.

William Ogilvie, astronomer and explorer, died last week in Winnipeg, Manitoba, at the age of sixty-six. He was appointed chief clerk and astronomer of the Canadian Department of the Interior in 1896. He was in the Yukon when gold was discovered; was commissioner of police there in 1887, and Governor of the Yukon Territory from 1898 to 1901. One book, "Early Days of the Yukon and the Klondike," bears his name.

## Drama

*Plays by Anton Tchekoff.* Translated by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The translation of these four plays of the Russian dramatist—"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea Gull," and "The Swan Song"—was presumably a labor of love, and so may prove, as is said to happen in the case of virtue, its own reward. It is not likely to create any great popular demand for his works in the English-speaking world. Not often is so much depressing and futile matter contained within the covers of one small volume. That the adaptation has been made faithfully, if with very little cunning, there is abundant internal evidence, but it is difficult to discover in it many traces of the delicate and original genius and the remarkable humor of which Miss Fell speaks so enthusiastically in her preface. In "The Sea Gull," indeed, which was recently reviewed in this journal, and need not now be further considered, there is some fancy; but "Uncle Vanya" and "Ivanoff," however truthfully they may reflect social and intellectual conditions among Russians of the middle class in the latter part of the nineteenth century, are, for the most part, realism of the dreariest kind, while, in construction and incident, they are drama of the crudest order. Personages come and go in the most arbitrary fashion, orate interminably in explanation of their feelings and conduct, and act, when they do act, in defiance of probability. Nevertheless, there are individual passages in the dialogue which are eloquently descriptive, and others which indicate keen insight into character and motives, making it easy to see how Tchekoff may have excelled as a writer of short stories. His dramatic genius, if he possessed it, was imperfectly developed when he wrote these works.

Neither "Uncle Vanya" nor "Ivanoff," in spite of occasional melodramatic violence, has any real theatrical value. Atmosphere, personages, and incidents would, on the European stage, appear tiresome and incredible. In the first we have a family dominated and enslaved by an elderly professor, inconceivably selfish and empty. Dolt as he is, he monopolizes the services of everybody about him, until life in the house-

hold is intolerable. His beautiful and faithful young wife, Helena, of whom he is inordinately jealous, is beloved by the hero, Vanya, and a doctor—representative of the younger Russian *intellectuels*—who is the more-favored suitor. His ardor brings matters to a crisis, and Helena, to save herself, implores Vanya to devise some means of making her husband take her away from the house. The simplest plan that occurs to him is to murder the bore, but he is such a bad shot that he misses him twice. However, this gentle hint has its effect, and the professor promptly departs with his wife, leaving the others to "live their lives"—utterly drab and hopeless lives—in comparative repose. The piece is packed with petty or morbid detail, and, even admitting it to be photographically truthful in much of its coloring, is not any more artistic or instructive than it is entertaining.

The hero of "Ivanoff" is, presumably, offered as a type of an *intellectual* rendered impotent by his own mistakes and the force of circumstances. Actually, he is a spineless, egotistic, contemptible driveller, whose incessant bewallings of his own worthlessness—which is altogether indisputable—soon become direfully monotonous. Having married a lovely Jewess for her money, which he does not get, he hastens her death by cruel neglect and infidelity, and then, after agreeing to marry an heiress who adores him, becomes so remorseful that he blows out his brains before the guests invited to the ceremony. Such a tale in the hands of a real dramatist might easily be made effective, if not highly tragic; but as Tchekoff has told it—in the vein of the social satirist—the interminable loquacity of the characters, their incredible behavior, and the awkwardness of the whole machinery, make it dreary and nonsensical. Such amateurish work if put forth by an English dramatist, would not engage serious attention anywhere.

"The Swan Song," in which an old actor, once eminent, but long ago relegated to the ranks of the buffoons, reenacts passages from former triumphs in an empty theatre, where he has fallen asleep after a drunken debauch, is a mere sketch, and is not wholly original in idea, but exhibits more of the true theatrical sense than either of the more ambitious pieces.

The first volume of Hauptmann's complete dramatic works, which B. W. Huebner has in hand, will be published in a few weeks. It contains critical and biographical introductions and four plays.

Granville Barker has been very busy in London lately in preparing his production of "Twelfth Night"—on the same lines as "The Winter's Tale"—and of John Galsworthy's new play, "The Eldest Son." In

"Twelfth Night" Hayden Coffin is to be the Clown, Feste; Evelyn Millard, Olivia; Arthur Wontner, Orsino; Henry Ainley, Malvolio, and Lillah McCarthy, Viola. If Mr. Barker had his way, he would play the comedy without a break, but as the piece falls naturally into three divisions, it will be so given at the Savoy. About a week after the first performance Miss McCarthy and Mr. Barker hope to present John Galsworthy's new play at the Kingsway.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer's new morality play, "The Dreamer," described as "a poetic drama of Joseph in Egypt," is to be seen for the first time at the King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden, London, on the evening of November 23.

There was a large congregation at Southwark Cathedral, London, the other day, when Sir Sidney Lee unveiled the Shakespeare Memorial. The monument, which is the work of Mr. Henry McCarthy, consists of a Gothic shrine, within which lies, in semi-recumbent attitude, a life-sized alabaster figure of the poet. Sir Sidney gave an address in which he said that the greatest period of Shakespeare's career was identified with Southwark, and alone of all the buildings in Southwark to-day the cathedral was a living memory of his epoch. The links that bound Shakespeare's memory to that place were strong indeed. He resided at one time just outside its precincts, and his younger brother, Edmund Shakespeare, described in the register as "a player," was buried in the cathedral "with a forenoon knell of the great bell." The ghosts of the princes of Elizabethan drama haunted those aisles, and warm must be their welcome of that new presentment of the monarch of their craft.

In a curtain address at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, a week or two ago, Forbes Robertson paid a tribute to the work of the Repertory Theatre in that city, and appealed to the public to give that enterprise encouragement. He said that in the drama there was less centralization than when he first appeared in Liverpool, and the great cities of England and Scotland should be still more independent as time went on. He referred to the possibility of a repertory theatre becoming a municipal theatre, and said he felt very strongly that the time was coming when the drama should have the encouragement that the other fine arts had had in all the great cities.

George Ober, well known as a capable actor and manager of outdoor performances, died in Hastings-on-Hudson on Sunday. He was born in Baltimore, Md., sixty-three years ago, and in his youth played in the companies of Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Frank Mayo, E. L. Davenport, and Edwin Forrest. For ten or twelve years he was at the Madison Square Theatre, where he was a prominent performer in Hoyt's farces. Recently he had been engaged in outdoor performances of "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "As You Like It."

The death of Mrs. Lewis Waller, wife of the well-known English actor-manager, is announced from London. She was an actress of considerable intelligence and ability. As Florence West she won popularity both in London and the provinces. Her first appearance was in 1833 as Mary Belton, in "Uncle Dick's Darling," with the

late John L. Toole. Thereafter she played many leading parts in London and elsewhere with general acceptance, but she never attained to a place in the front rank.

## Music

Tchaikovsky's correspondence with Balakireff has been published by J. H. Zimmermann in St. Petersburg. Balakireff was the head of the Russian National School, and the preface states that he alone could persuade Tchaikovsky to accept criticism and be guided by it, to the extent of recasting or even destroying a work, the score of "Fatum," for instance, which was reconstructed after his death from the preserved orchestral parts.

The New York opera season, which opened at the Metropolitan on November 11 with Puccini's early work, "Manon Lescaut," will run along in well-worn ruts. Most of the operas to be sung belong to the usual Italian and German repertory, France being sparsely represented, although one of the few novelties promised is Leroux's "Le Chemineau." One of the operas Russians are proud of, Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," is to be staged, and in January or February the operatic version of "Cyrano de Bergerac," by W. J. Henderson and Walter Damrosch, will be produced. The score was written ten years ago, but the composer has done the orchestration all over again, and added an entirely new fourth act. Mr. Damrosch has also given out the valuable information that he has used the whole-tone scale to typify the huge nose of Cyrano—not, however, as Debussy uses this scale, with serious intentions, but only in burlesque fashion, which is a comfort. There will be no novelties this season by prominent foreign composers. Humperdinck and Puccini have not done anything since they visited us; Debussy and Charpentier seem to be idling away their time (though there are rumors to the contrary); Mascagni and Leoncavallo write pot-boilers, while Richard Strauss is tabooed at the Metropolitan, although there is talk of producing there, next season, his new opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," recently launched in Stuttgart. Apart from such interest as exists in the standard works of Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini, the centre of attraction will therefore be in the work of the great singers. Several of them will appear on Saturday afternoon in the first Mozart performance given at this house in several years—a revival of the "Magic Flute," which is to be staged with unexampled sumptuousness, the scenery being modelled after that which, a year or so ago, created such a sensation in Berlin. The performances of the first week indicated that nearly all of the favorite singers have returned from Europe in exceptionally good voice. A flattering tribute was paid by the audience on the opening night to a newcomer, Lucrezia Bori, of Spanish descent. She is strikingly like Geraldine Farrar in appearance, gesture, facial expression, talent for action, and, especially, in vocal quality and expressiveness.

When Mendelssohn Hall was handed over to the moving-picture men the givers of vocal and instrumental recitals scattered

in all directions, seeking places that would be acoustically satisfactory and large enough without being as huge as Carnegie Hall. The Kneisel Quartet found a temporary home in the Hotel Astor, and other concert givers found temporary refuges in theatres. The completion of the new Aeolian building has once more provided a happy home for soloists and chamber musicians. They availed themselves of the opportunity so eagerly that almost every date for the season was taken in advance. Fortunately, the acoustic properties of the new Aeolian Hall have proved excellent. Several singers have already been heard there, as well as a pianist and the Kneisels, and the general verdict from all over the auditorium is that the music sounds well—better perhaps than in any concert hall New York has had. The hall was hardly intended for orchestras; it seats only 1,200. Nevertheless, the New York Symphony Orchestra makes its home there by way of experiment, with results better than they were last year in the Century Theatre, though not so satisfactory as they have been found for soloists and smaller instrumental ensembles. The honor of opening the new hall fell to Gottfried Galston, of Hungarian and Bohemian ancestry—a good combination for a pianist. He showed more brilliancy than depth in a set of twelve Chopin études, and gave a lucid performance of Beethoven's sonata, opus 106, which seems to be in fashion this year, though it is by no means a masterwork. Musicianship of the highest type was displayed in the playing of some of Bach's choral preludes as translated for the piano by Busoni. Later on it will be possible to play these preludes on the instrument for which they were written, as the hall is provided with a large organ, nearly completed, of which much is expected. Heretofore, New York has never had a satisfactory grand organ in a concert hall. It is likely that the innovation will call into existence organ recitals for which the public will pay, as it does for piano and other recitals.

The only opportunities New York will have to hear Fritz Kreisler, the incomparable violinist, this year will be at the second Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, which will be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, December 5, and Saturday afternoon, December 7. Mr. Kreisler has just arrived in this country, and will be here until the end of December. He comes under exclusive contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will appear with no other organization of the kind in the East.

Despite the persistent opposition of Saint-Saëns, Gustave Charpentier has been appointed successor of the late Jules Massenet at the Académie des Beaux Arts. One of the Paris journals advocated the choice of Vincent D'Indy, who, however, wrote to the editor: "I am not and I shall not be a candidate, for many reasons which it would be useless to explain here."

Mme. Minnie Hauk, Baroness von Hesse-Wartegg, the once-famous American opera singer, died in Munich on Saturday. Born in New York in 1852, of a German father and an American mother, she made her first public appearance at the age of twelve. Four years later she sang in "La Sonnambula," and the same year appeared at Covent Gar-

den, in Russia, and in Holland. Later she was heard repeatedly in Berlin and Vienna. She was the first Carmen in America.

Joseph Wieniawski, whose death is announced from Brussels, was as good a pianist as his brother Henri (who came to America with Rubinstein and died in 1880). was a violinist. He was born at Lublin, Poland, in 1837. The two men played together in concerts in Russia and Germany. Joseph then went to Weimar to study with Liszt. From 1865-69 he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory, and subsequently he taught at the Brussels Conservatory. He wrote a piano concerto, a sonata, a number of mazurkas, and other short pieces.

## Art

*Prehistoric Thessaly: Being Some Account of Recent Excavations and Explorations in Northeastern Greece from Lake Kopais to the Borders of Macedonia.* By A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6 net.

Thessaly, situated as it is between Bœotia and Macedonia, occupies the important position of connecting Greece with the north, so that all questions bearing on the relations between Greece and the Balkans can be determined only with reference to Thessaly. Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson, therefore, undertook a task of no little importance when they determined to explore properly that country. They were, of course, not the first in the field. Lolling, Tsundas, Stals, Arvanitopulos, and others had at various times excavated prehistoric sites in Thessaly; but Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson have not only materially supplemented the work already accomplished, but have published all our present knowledge of the subject in admirably systematic form.

The first ten chapters of "Prehistoric Thessaly" are purely descriptive and contain full accounts of the authors' own excavations at Theotoku, Zerella, Lianokladhi, Tsani, Maghula, Tsangli, and Rakhmani; and a summary description of the discoveries of others. The remaining chapters deal with the chronology, history, and ethnology of Thessaly. In this respect the book is a typical example of what archaeology, treated scientifically, can produce; for the theories advanced are based on no literary documents, but purely on the data provided by excavations. The authors point out that one of the most important points to be realized about Thessaly is its backward stage of civilization compared with the rest of Greece. While Crete was already in an advanced stage of civilization (middle Minoan period) and had long known the use of bronze, Thessaly was still in the stone age, without any apparent knowledge of the use of metals.

From the artistic point of view, the

excavations in Thessaly have made no important contribution. But, though this fact takes away from the æsthetic interest of the subject, historically it is of great value. For Thessaly appears to have played the part of a buffer state, helping to protect the civilized regions of Southern Greece from the more vigorous tribes of the northern Balkans. At the end of the prehistoric age Mycenaean culture at last reached Thessaly; but it was short-lived, for apparently the very opening up of Thessaly pointed the way to the northern invaders, who overran the whole of the peninsula, swept away the Mycenaean civilization, and initiated the new era known as historic Greece.

There is another question which is vitally affected by this fact of a backward Thessaly, and that is whether civilization spread from the Danube valley to the Ægean basin, or vice versa. The evidence of Thessaly, the authors hold, points to the probability that there was no one civilization that spread either from south to north or from north to south; but that the two cultures are parallel, related, of course, to each other, but not of a single origin.

The objects discovered during these Thessalian excavations consist of vases, stone axes, terracotta figurines, and miscellaneous objects, now deposited in the Museums of Volo, Almiros, and Athens. By far the most interesting finds are the potsherds, of which a great quantity were discovered. Each site had apparently its characteristic type of vase and scheme of decoration, so that altogether an extraordinary variety came to light. In their enumeration of the different wares the authors cite about sixty different varieties, divided according to periods and techniques into four chief classes, with various subdivisions. The sites themselves are in the shape of mounds, formed by the rubbish and the ruins of successive hut settlements built one over another and attaining sometimes a length of two hundred metres. Remains of houses were frequently discovered, but no one house type seems ever to have become universal in Northern Greece.

"The Engravings of William Blake, a Critical Study, together with a Catalogue Raisonné," by Archibald G. B. Russell, is promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for Saturday.

"Mornings with the Masters of Art" (Macmillan), by H. H. Powers, treats the chief painters and sculptors of the Florentine Renaissance, Raphael being included. Towards the primitives Dr. Powers's attitude is, perhaps, a shade too condescending. The masters of the High Renaissance receive generous and discriminating praise. The comment is independent and vigorous, while the historical illustration is entirely adequate. A few errors may be noted. No modern critic ascribes the Franciscan allegories at Assisi

to Giotto's early period. The frescoes of the Spanish Chapel are Florentine, not Siennese. Cavallini should have been mentioned as the author of the mosaic stories in Santa Maria in Trastevere. On the side of historic development there are serious gaps in this book. Yet, on the whole, it is an excellent introduction to the subject. For class purposes it might profitably be used along with Wölfflin's more critical and systematic analysis of Renaissance art.

"The Study of the History of Art in the Colleges and Universities of the United States," by Earl Baldwin Smith, is a compact register of all academic courses in the history of art offered in America. Since the date of foundation of each course is given, the pamphlet constitutes a brief history of the subject. It was prepared for the recent International Congress of Art History at Rome, but will also serve a useful purpose as a directory. It appears from the survey that only Harvard and Princeton offer reasonably full university facilities for research. Of the four hundred colleges in America, ninety-five give courses in the history of art. Sixty-eight have a special professor in the subject, and may be said to be adequately equipped. About one-seventh of American collegiate students have the opportunity of instruction in art history. This tabulation shows how much is yet to be done in gaining for the subject the academic recognition it deserves. But a study of the dates of foundation of the courses will also demonstrate a remarkable progress within the past decade. This useful little pamphlet is published at 50 cents by the Princeton University Press.

A special meeting of the British School at Athens was held, October 29, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries in London. The director, Mr. R. M. Dawkins, gave an account of the site of Datcha, the ancient Stadia, on the promontory of Knidos on the western coast of Asia Minor. This was to have been the object of the School's excavations last spring, but the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war made it necessary to postpone the work; but it is hoped to carry out the excavations during the coming spring. The site has already yielded a number of antiquities, and there is every reason to suppose that below the surface are the remains of an important sanctuary or temple of the archaic period of Greek art. Mr. A. J. B. Wace briefly described the excavations of the School in Thessaly, and outlined the results of exploring journeys undertaken by Mr. M. S. Thompson and himself in Macedonia. At Halos, in Thessaly, some experimental excavations were made in the Necropolis. The principal results were obtained from a tumulus, one of a group of ten, concealing sixteen burnt graves, or pyres. The bodies had been burned on the spot, and then a cairn of large slabs about two feet high was heaped over them. Later the tumulus of earth was built over the group of pyres. With the dead were placed quantities of geometric pottery, iron knives, and iron swords and spears, or bronze brooches and bracelets. These pyres belonged to the developed iron age, and dated probably between 900 and 800 B. C.

The death is announced from London of the well-known architect, Richard Norman Shaw, R.A. He was born in Edinburgh in

1831. In 1858 he published a book of "Sketches from the Continent," and later edited, with T. G. Jackson, "Architecture, a Profession or an Art." For his recreation he has set down "collecting interesting old things—such as clocks, furniture, blue china, etc."

## Finance

### NEWS AND THE MARKETS' RESPONSE.

A fortnight ago, the two main topics of interest, to people discussing the future of the financial markets, were how the Stock Exchange would greet the results of the Presidential election, and what it would do in response to the next developments in the Eastern war. There were numerous predictions, including some—like prophecies of a wild "bull movement" here when the election news was received, and of another "European panic" when the allies drew near to Constantinople—which most people regarded skeptically. But the favorite theories undoubtedly were, first, that if stocks did not advance at New York in the day or two after November 5, they would break heavily on the coming "tariff uncertainties"; secondly, that Europe's markets would grow more and more apprehensive as the question of terms of peace intruded itself, but, thirdly, that if Europe were once to start buying back the American stocks which it sold to us last month, New York would itself begin buying heavily, and a swift recovery on our Stock Exchange would follow.

Here were three distinct and more or less conflicting predictions. The conditions on which the three were based have in every case been realized. In the actual result, all three predictions have turned out wrong.

Except for the brief and abortive bidding-up of stocks on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 6, there was no "bull movement" in sequence to the election news. Nevertheless, there has been no sweeping decline, and prices are still above where they stood on the day before election. The news dispatches have repeatedly, during the fortnight past, been filled with hair-raising intimations that the Powers were hopelessly at variance and that Austria was about to challenge Serbia. But prices on the European Stock Exchanges advanced last week without any interruption under the lead of British and French public securities, which are now respectively 3 and 2½ points above their low prices of October.

Nor was this all; for London has in the meantime been buying back American securities from the New York Stock Exchange; taking on balance, last week, upwards of 100,000 shares, worth, roughly, \$10,000,000. Yet on each successive

day of this movement London's buying was followed by such realizing at New York as checked the tendency to recovery. It is in order now to inquire why all of the confident and seemingly well-grounded prophecies of two weeks ago should have missed their shot so badly.

It is possible that Wall Street itself will never agree upon the answer, but there are some fairly convincing explanations which occur to mind. As regards the "post-election market," it is evident enough that the financial community had no stomach for the foolish election boom of 1908 and 1904, and that it did not relish, on second thought, the prospect of possible disturbance in business plans from tariff legislation. But when it began to "discount" such misgivings through a sharp decline in prices, it was at once confronted with the considerations that a good deal of general apprehension had been already discounted by the decline since the Eastern war began, that evidence of continued prosperity and trade activity continued to come in, and that the steel trade headquarters, of all places in the world, expressed equanimity over the tariff outlook.

As regards the seemingly unreasonable action of Europe's stock exchanges, during the critical hours when Continental Ministries, with Bulgaria's troops on the road to Constantinople, were matching ultimatums against one another, there are two things to say. One is, that the European bankers, who were hurriedly turning their gilt-edged securities into cash when they looked for a prolonged and expensive Balkan war, had reason on general principles to take them back on evidence that the war would be quickly ended. The other is that European high finance knew that Austria cannot fight alone, with its own race problem on its hands, and that the Balkan allies, who must have nearly exhausted their original supplies of money during their short but strenuous campaign, and who cannot easily raise more for a long campaign, would never tempt Europe to prolong the expensive fighting.

Perhaps what puzzled Wall Street most of all was the downward reaction of prices here, with heavy domestic selling, which on each successive day, last week, followed London's early and substantial purchases. Perhaps this event is best explained by recalling the story of October. Forty or fifty millions' worth of American securities were suddenly dumped by Europe on New York in the middle of that month.

When the share certificates arrived here, a week or two after October 12, they were not thrown helter-skelter into the open market for whatever they would bring, but were cared for by banking interests which could borrow the necessary funds. Now that financial

Europe, having recovered from its fright, had begun to buy again in New York and was thereby sustaining prices on our Stock Exchange, it was the perfectly natural policy of such bankers to sell, so far as the market would take it, what was left of the stocks sent back last month by Europe.

But as to what the attitude of the markets will be in the next few weeks or months regarding the tariff controversy, the Balkan terms of peace, or the American investment outlook, the course of events this week can hardly be taken as conclusive. In all three directions there is a chance that actual news will change the face of things. Some actual announcement as to the new Administration's plan will soon be due. The real discussion as to the fate of Turkey has only begun. We are probably entering something like a secondary stage in the American trade revival—which, as it happens, will scarcely be said to have yet found anything like the usual reflection on the Stock Exchange.

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- Brett, G. S. *A History of Psychology*. Macmillan. \$2.75 net.
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- Browder, J. C. *Nisi Prius*. Neale Pub. Co. \$1.50.
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